

YANKEE DOODLE

STORIES OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Issued Semi-Monthly—By Subscription \$1.25 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No 10.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1898.

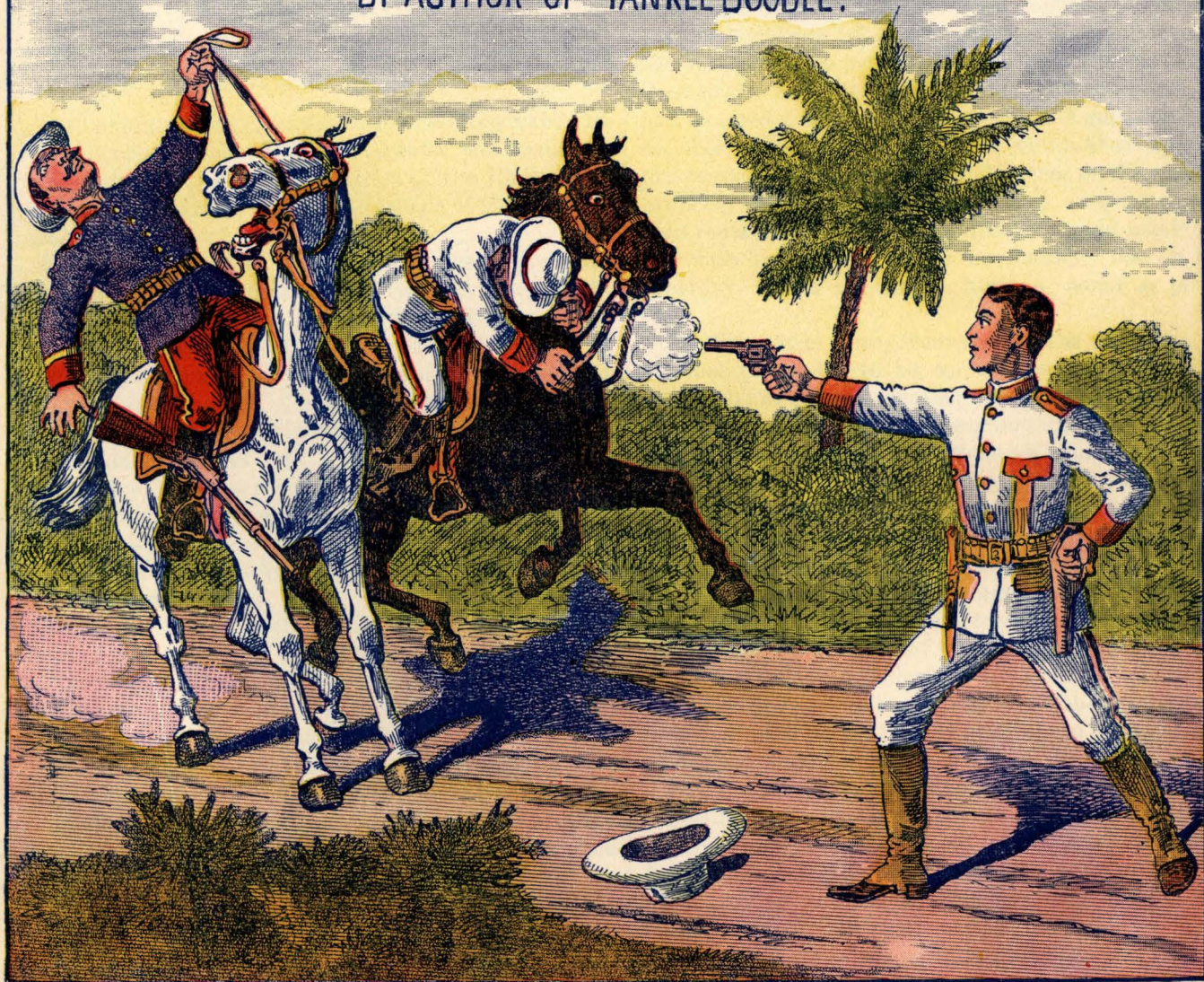
Price 5 Cents.

YANKEE DOODLE WITH AGUINALDO;

—OR—

"YOUNG AMERICA" IN MANILA.

BY AUTHOR OF "YANKEE DOODLE."



Quick as a flash Yankee Doodle drew his revolver and fired, knocking the foremost rider out of his saddle. The next moment he blazed away at the second one, wounding him so grievously that he dropped his rifle and clasped his horse's neck to avoid falling.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Stories of the Present War.

Issued Semi-Monthly—By Subscription \$1.25 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, May 14, 1898. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1898, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 29 West 26th St., New York.

No. 10.

NEW YORK, September 14, 1898.

Price 5 Cents.

Yankee Doodle With Aguinaldo;

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA AT MANILA.

BY AUTHOR OF YANKEE DOODLE.

CHAPTER I.

YANKEE DOODLE AND JOE BAILEY AT CAVITE—SENT TO AGUINALDO BY DEWEY.

THE extraordinary success of Emillio Aguinaldo, insurgent chief of the Filipinos against the Spaniards in the Island of Luzon, the largest of the Philippines, made him a marked man in the annals of the Spanish-American war.

He had retired from the island three years previous, but after the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the Bay of Manila, he returned from Hong Kong and had several consultations with Commodore Dewey.

He was a young man of about twenty-nine or thirty years of age, the son of a wealthy, native chief, who had given him a splendid education. The family influence on the island was very great, and as young Emillio had once led an insurrection against the Spanish authority, the commodore very readily listened to his propositions of once more arming his people in order to have a hand in the expulsion of the Spaniards from the Archipelago.

He supplied him with arms and ammunition, and set him ashore not far from Cavite. In a few weeks he had rallied several thousand native warriors around him, and began active operations against small Spanish posts in the interior.

One after another of the Spanish detachments were defeated, until only a few of the stronger outposts remained in the hands of the Spaniards. At first the Spaniards loudly complained that the commodore had armed savages against a Christian nation, and the government at Madrid called the attention of the powers of Europe to the charge, asking that a protest be entered to the American Government to put a stop to it.

The commodore, however, replied to the representa-

tion made to him by the foreign consuls at Manila, that he could not believe it possible for the natives of the Philippines to be more savage than the Spaniards themselves had been. He added, however, that he had exacted a solemn promise from Aguinaldo that no acts of barbarity should be committed against prisoners of war, women and children, or the private property of non-combatants; that as long as Aguinaldo remained true to his promise he would not interfere with him in any shape or manner, but on the contrary, would encourage him as much as possible.

The Spaniards were dismayed at the situation, or at least pretended to be, for all over the Island of Luzon the religious orders had invested millions upon millions of dollars in the erection of convents and other religious institutions, through which the superstitious natives had been ruled with an iron hand.

Those convents and institutions would have to be abandoned or else be defended by regiments of Spanish soldiers. Several of the convents, built between one and two hundred years ago, were almost like fortresses. Their walls were from three to five feet thick, built of stone, and were impregnable against any force without artillery.

Hence in previous insurrections they withstood every attempt of the insurgents to gain possession of or destroy them.

The situation was all changed now, because the insurgents had a powerful ally in the American fleet, which had cleared the waters of the Archipelago of Spanish war-ships. Hence it was impossible for the Spaniards to combat the natives with their usual vigor.

Then too, it was known throughout the length and breadth of the island that an American army was preparing to come to their assistance. Naturally

that encouraged the Filipinos to rise up by thousands and rally to Aguinaldo's standard.

During all that time the American fleet rode quietly at anchor in the beautiful Bay of Manila, holding the city of that name under its great guns. A Spanish army of ten thousand train soldiers behind its walls, which were bristling with old style smooth-bore cannon, dared not fire a single shot at the vessels for fear that the city would be torn to pieces by American shells.

The commodore had promised the foreign consuls at Manila that he would not bombard the city unless he was fired upon from the Spanish fortifications. The consuls of European powers had forced the captain-general there to keep silent as against the American fleet, in order to save the city from destruction.

Manila has nearly a quarter of a million inhabitants, with a trade far greater than probably any other city of the same number of inhabitants in the world, hence the interference of the powers to save it from destruction.

The field, however, was left open for the insurgents under Aguinaldo, who pushed the Spaniards daily from the interior, forcing them to fall back towards the city. When it began to appear that the city itself might fall into his hands, the foreign consuls again appealed to Commodore Dewey to interfere to save the city from the threatened danger.

It was believed that the American officer had influence enough with the triumphant Aguinaldo to hold him in check.

It was about this time that an American youth by the name of Phil Freeman, who had won a splendid reputation in Cuba under the name of Yankee Doodle, reached the commodore from Hong Kong with dispatches from the Secretary of the Navy.

He had been a drummer boy in a New York regiment, and first won a national reputation by leading a regiment in a terrific charge after all the officers of the line had been shot down. With his fifer by his side, the youth, not yet eighteen years of age, Joe Bailey by name, beat a charge on his drum and called to the regiment to come on. The regiment responded to a man and rushed on the enemy's intrenchments, where they were threatened with annihilation. But two other regiments came to their assistance and the Spaniards were utterly routed. As the enemy fled in dismay he roared out the triumphant notes of Yankee Doodle with such effect as to arouse the wildest enthusiasm of the victors, and from that hour he was known by no other name in Cuba or the United States than that of Yankee Doodle. The general of the army gave him full credit for his achievements, and the newspaper correspondents sang the praises of the daring young drummer and fifer from one end of the United States to the other.

Such was the record of the youth who brought the dispatches from the Secretary of the Navy to the commodore who had just been promoted to the rank of admiral.

A private letter from the Secretary of the Navy

gave the admiral a bit of history of Yankee Doodle, which at once served to place the youth on a cordial footing with all the officers of the fleet. His faithful fifer, Joe Bailey, had accompanied him, so that he was as effective with his drum at Cavite, where a small garrison of marines had been established, as he had been at any time in Cuba.

The next day, after the foreign consuls had appealed to the admiral to save the city from falling into the hands of the insurgents, the admiral called Yankee Doodle into his cabin for a private talk with him.

"I have read much about you in the papers, my boy," he said to the youth, "for you have made a splendid reputation in Cuba. The Secretary of the Navy informs me that I can rely upon your courage and discretion in any work to which you may be assigned. I take it as a very high tribute to one of your years, and I am about to put you to the test, for I am thinking of sending you ashore into the heart of the camp of the insurgents."

"Admiral," replied the youth, "I feel highly honored both by yourself and the Secretary of the Navy. Whatever I have had to do I have tried to do right, and it has been a source of great gratification to me that my work has been approved by the officers of both the army and navy. Whatever work you assign me to I shall do my best to carry out your instructions to the letter and spirit."

"Exactly, my boy," said the admiral; "no man can do more than that. It would look better to send a man of greater experience and who had grown a beard instead of a mere youth like yourself, but I have always been a great admirer of the American youth, and never lose an opportunity to encourage them in making their way up in the world. I want you to go to the camp of the insurgents and tell the young chief, Aguinaldo, that I wish to see him on board my flagship, and that you will guide him hither. It is absolutely necessary that I have a personal interview with him, and as he has no government at his back, nor a flag that is recognized by any nation on earth, I do not wish to send him any instructions or advice in writing whatever, as no man can tell what the outcome of the present situation will be. Your experience in Cuba will enable you to accomplish the task much easier than it could be done by any officers of the fleet. Do you understand me now?"

"I think I do, admiral," replied Yankee Doodle.

"When can you go?"

"Any time you are ready to put me ashore."

"Very good. Get ready, and I will send you ashore within thirty minutes. Do you wish anyone to go with you?"

"Yes, admiral; I'd like to have Joe Bailey go, because we have been together on similar expeditions in Cuba."

"Very well; take him along."

Yankee Doodle at once went in search of young Bailey, whom he found talking with Midshipman Mangham.

"Say, Joe," said he, "there's fun ahead for us."

"What sort of fun?" Joe asked.

"We are to go ashore and chin the natives."

"Chin your grandmother," said Joe. "What do you know about talking Filipino?"

"Filipino be blowed," returned Yankee Doodle.

"They all speak Spanish out there, just as they do in Cuba."

"Oh, that's easy then," laughed Joe. "When do we go?"

"Just as soon as you can get ready."

Joe sprang up and hurried to his quarters, where in a very few minutes he had packed up such things as would be needed during a stay of several days on shore in a tropical region.

Neither of them had a rifle, but each carried a brace of splendid revolvers, with which they were practically dead-shots. Besides that, each had a dagger with an eight inch blade.

They reported to the officer of the deck when they were ready to go, and a boat was lowered with half a dozen marines; they were sent ashore at Cavite, where the young midshipman in command of the boat informed the lieutenant, who had command of the fort and arsenal, that the two were to be permitted to pass the sentinel line and be re-admitted without question.

The two boys then shook hands with the young midshipman, and wended their way across the neck of land that connected Cavite with the mainland.

"Now, Joe," said Yankee Doodle to his companion, "we don't know a thing about these natives here, but as they all understand Spanish, it will be very easy for us to explain what we want and where we are going if we should run across any of them."

"Oh, yes," said Joe; "we have our revolvers, and if they give us any trouble we'll pop lead into 'em."

"Oh, that won't do!" said Yankee Doodle. "If they don't understand us we mustn't put up any belligerent front at all, but show a friendly spirit, and ask them to take us to their chief Aguinaldo, for all of them certainly understand that they and the Americans are fighting a common foe, and that we are here to help them as far as we can. No matter how suspicious they may be of us, we must pretend to have the utmost confidence in them. Of course they will take us to the chief, to whom I can readily explain our mission."

"Say," said Joe, "have we any letter from the admiral to the chief?"

"Not a line," was the reply. "The admiral has already had an interview with him, and as we do not look like Spaniards, he cannot take us for anybody else but Americans, and as all Americans are the friends of the Filipinos by reason of our being at war with Spain, no letter is at all necessary."

"Oh, I guess it's all right," said Joe, "but one can never tell what these half-civilized people will do."

"Oh, I think they have their share of plain common sense, which we often find lacking in the most refined Christian nations."

They followed the great road leading along the shore of the bay for a distance of four or five miles, during which time they were in full view of the fleet and the wrecks of the Spanish Squadron which had gone down under the terrific fire of the Yankee gunners on the first day of May.

"Joe," said Yankee Doodle, as he looked at the wreck of the Spanish fleet, "had we been here on the first day of May last, we would have seen something that we could talk about all the rest of our lives."

"Yes," assented Joe, "for that battle will pass into history as one of the greatest naval victories ever won."

"You are right," said the other, "for it was remarkable in two things. First, that the American fleet didn't lose a man or a ship, although exposed to the fire of the batteries by land and sea; and second, the most accurate marksmanship ever shown in a naval fight, for the Spanish fleet was shot to pieces in less than two hours."

"It was right here, I guess," said Joe, stopping on the beach at a point opposite one of the wrecks, "that those who escaped from a watery grave must have landed."

"Yes, I guess it was," assented Yankee Doodle, "and it must have been just about here that the Spanish admiral himself swam ashore and made his way to Manila on foot. He must have thought that the Americans were the most terrific fighters in the world, for not a single ship in his squadron remained afloat when the battle ended."

"Come to think of it," said Joe, "it is good marksmanship that wins battles on land or sea."

"So it is; you know how it was in Cuba. Both Spaniards and Cubans fired recklessly, so that nine out of ten shots flew harmlessly overhead. Even their sharpshooters were miserably poor shots, as many of them were known to have fired a dozen times at a man on horseback not over two hundred yards away without hitting him."

"Oh, yes," laughed Joe, "I saw that once myself. One of Roosevelt's Rough Riders drew a bead on the fellow five hundred yards away, and brought him down at the first shot."

They passed on up the road, until they struck another which seemed to run parallel with the city instead of straight to it, and into that they turned with the expectation of soon meeting some of the insurgents.

They had gone but a little way on that road, when Joe suddenly touched Yankee Doodle by the arm, and said:

"Look out! I saw three or four fellows dodge into the bushes away up the road there ahead of us."

CHAPTER II.

THE SPANISH CAPTAIN'S LESSON.

ON hearing Joe's warning Yankee Doodle came to a sudden stop, and asked:

"Are you sure?"

"Dead sure," replied Joe.

"How many were there?"

"Some three or four, but there may have been more."

"Were they armed?"

"I don't know."

"Well, all we can do is to go ahead. They won't fire on us unless they take us for Spaniards."

"But what if they don't know what a Spaniard looks like?" Joe asked.

"Oh, well," laughed Yankee Doodle, "I guess these people know a Spaniard when they see him. Come along."

"See here, old man," said Joe, "don't get the idea into your head that I'm afraid, for I'm not."

"Oh, I know that well enough. Those fellows ran into the woods to get away from us, and I'll bet they'll let us pass by without showing themselves at all."

They passed on up the road, and when they reached the spot where Joe had seen the natives disappear in the bushes, about a dozen natives ran out in front of them, gazing at them with inquisitive interest as one, evidently their leader, asked in Spanish:

"Are you Americanos?"

"Si, senor," said Yankee Doodle, whereupon each one of the natives seemed to be highly pleased at meeting them.

"We are glad to see the Americanos, senor," said their leader. "What can we do for you?"

"You can show us the way to your chief Aguinaldo," replied Yankee Doodle, "for we are sent to him from the American admiral."

"We will take you to him, Senor Americano," and they started off up the road again, followed by the natives, who were chatting pleasantly with each other as they walked along.

They had gone about three miles, when all of a sudden the natives dashed into the woods on the right without uttering a word, leaving Yankee Doodle and Joe by themselves in the road.

"What in thunder is the matter?" Joe asked.

"Hanged if I know," replied Yankee Doodle; but a moment or two later five horsemen appeared in sight around a bend of the road, coming at a pretty fast gait.

"By George, they're Spaniards!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, and both made a break for the bushes.

The five Spaniards had rifles and fired quickly. A bullet knocked Yankee Doodle's hat from his head, sending it flying into the center of the road.

"By George!" said he, "that's the best shot I ever knew a Spaniard to make; but I'll be hanged if I'll let 'em get my hat," and with that he wheeled around and darted out into the middle of the road after it.

By the time he had recovered it two of the five horses were within fifty feet of him.

"Halt! Halt!" they called in Spanish, firing at him as they charged upon him.

Quick as a flash he drew his revolver and fired, knocking the foremost rider out of his saddle. The next moment he blazed away at the second one,

wounding him so grievously that he dropped his rifle and clasped his horse's neck to avoid falling.

By that time Joe, who was out of sight in the bushes, opened fire on the other three. He evidently hit one of the horses, for he reared and plunged in a way that nearly unseated his rider.

The other two fired once more at Yankee Doodle, and then put spurs to their horses, dashed past him at full speed as if trying to get out of the way.

Joe ran out into the road and emptied one of his revolvers at them, but ineffectively.

"By George!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, "we've got one of 'em."

"Yes," said Joe, "and I guess another one is done for."

By that time the natives showed up again, when Yankee Doodle asked them why they ran away.

"We didn't know how many there were, Senor Americano!" exclaimed their leader, "and we were going to shoot them as they rode by."

"Well, that isn't the way to do," he told them. "It is a bad plan to run from the enemy; but as you left us alone, two against five, we followed you until they opened fire on us," and with that he ran his finger through the bullet hole in his hat.

"Did they hit you, Senor Americano?"

"No, but they came pretty close to it," and he put his hat on his head and fresh cartridges in his revolver.

The Filipinos examined the dead Spaniard, and took from his body his cartridge belt and gathered up his rifle. The Spaniard's horse, however, had dashed on after the others, and thus escaped.

One of the Filipinos handed the belt to Yankee Doodle, while another presented the Mauser rifle.

"You may keep them," he said, "as I have no use for them."

They were highly elated, and thought the two young Americanos very brave men in thus attacking more than twice their number.

They started forward again, leaving the body of the dead Spaniard in the road. Presently they turned into the bushes and entered a trail, through which they were compelled to travel in single file.

The trail led into a very dense forest for a distance of a couple of miles or so, and suddenly ended in a camp of over a thousand Filipinos. They gathered around the two boys by hundreds, listening to the stories of the party who had escorted them to camp.

In a very few minutes everyone had heard the story of the fight in the road, as well as the fact that they had come from the admiral of the American fleet to see the chief Aguinaldo.

They had still farther to go before reaching the headquarters of the chief, which was in a native farmhouse a few miles south of the city of Manila.

Out on the right could be heard rifle shots, which were being fired with great irregularity. A runner had been sent on ahead to notify the chief that two Americans were coming from the fleet to see him.

When Yankee Doodle and Joe were conducted into his presence they were surprised to find him a cool, quiet, self-possessed young man, with about as much of the savage displayed in his make-up as could be found in any ordinary citizen of the United States.

He extended his hand to both of them, with the remark that he was always glad to see Americans, since they were the enemies of Spain.

"Thank you, chief," said Yankee Doodle; "because you, too, are an enemy of Spain the American admiral has sent me to tender to you an invitation to visit him on his flag-ship in the bay near Cavite."

"Indeed," said the chief, smiling as though greatly pleased. "And does he wish to see me?"

"Yes, chief, he told me to say to you that he was extremely anxious to have you visit him, as he had much to say to you concerning the war between the United States and Spain, as well as between your people and the Spaniards now in the Philippines."

"When does he wish to see me?" the chief asked.

"Just as soon as you can get to him," replied Yankee Doodle; "and I am ready to return with you at any moment that suits your convenience."

"Then we will start early in the morning, senior. I would go now, were it not that you had already made the journey and must need rest and food."

"Suit yourself about that, chief. We Americans don't know what it is to be tired."

"That's a whopper," remarked Joe, in English, "for I'm tired enough myself now to lie down and go to sleep."

"So am I," remarked Yankee Doodle, "but I'm not chump enough to say so."

The chief ordered refreshments, in the way of several kinds of tropical fruit to be brought into them, after which he asked them many questions that showed he was a keen observer, and expected much assistance of the American army, which the admiral had said, would certainly be sent to the island.

Finally he put the question bluntly to Yankee Doodle:

"When will your army reach Manila?"

"I am unable to say, chief, as it is several thousand miles from Manila to San Francisco. But they are coming as fast as ships can bring them. But let it be fast or slow, there is nothing to stop them except the wind and the waves. There are no Spanish war-ships in the Pacific since the destruction of Montojo's fleet in Manila bay."

"Ah, senior! That was a great fight," said the chief, his whole face lighting up, "and every Spanish ship was sent to the bottom."

"Yes, chief, and a like fate will befall every ship of Spain that is met by one of ours. Our American seamen shoot straight, and so do the American soldiers."

Yankee Doodle was disposed to do a little bragging, and had no fear that he could overdo the thing since Dewey's splendid achievement in Manila Bay, so he added:

"When the American army lands at Cavite they

will march upon Manila, and take it inside of three hours after the first shot is fired."

"It will be a glad day for my people, senior, when the Spanish flag is pulled down at Manila."

"It will be done, chief," said Yankee Doodle, "as sure as the sun shines and the rain falls."

"I believe you, senior, and the hearts of my people are glad that a great nation like yours has come to their rescue."

Night came on, and comfortable hammocks were provided for the two boys, who, after their tiresome journey, were glad enough to roll into them.

When they arose the next morning they were very much surprised at seeing a party of about seventy Spanish prisoners, who had been brought in the night before under a strong guard. Quite a number of them were wounded, but they were able to keep on their feet and march.

The prisoners were very much surprised themselves at seeing two American youths in the insurgent camp. A Spanish captain beckoned to Yankee Doodle, who at once went to his side.

"Do you understand Spanish?" the captain asked.

"Si, capitan," he answered.

"You are Americano?"

"Si, capitan."

"Then you can tell me, perhaps, what the Filipinos intend to do with us?"

"Indeed, I cannot," said Yankee Doodle; "but it is probable that they may accord you the same treatment that Spanish officers have been in the habit of serving out to them. How have you been treating them?"

"We have been treating them," said the captain, "just as all civilized nations treat those who have rebelled against their authority. We generally shoot rebel leaders, but let their common soldiers go free."

"And do you call that civilization?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"It is the custom of nations," returned the captain.

"It may be so, capitan, but it isn't Christianity or civilization. A few years ago in America we had a great civil war, lasting four years, in which a million men were killed; yet when the rebels laid down their arms not a man was hanged or shot. Hence you understand that we have a right to claim to be a civilized people as well as a Christian nation. If Spain shoots her rebels, why should she complain when the rebels shoot Spanish soldiers when captured?"

The prisoner made no reply; and after a pause of a minute or two Yankee Doodle remarked:

"Admiral Dewey exacted from Aguinaldo a solemn promise that no act of barbarity should be committed by the Filipinos; that the prisoners of war should be spared and treated kindly, and that the lives of women and children should be respected and private property exempt from destruction. So you see that it is the civilization of America that has come to the Philippines in time to save the lives of yourself and your men."

The Spaniard straightened himself up to his full height, and haughtily returned :

"Senor Americano, our condition at this moment is the result of war between America and Spain. This insurgent force would not now here be under arms, but for the presence of an American fleet in the waters of Manila Bay."

"Very true, capitan, but the soil of the Philippines has been drenched with the blood of its people by Spanish butcheries for three centuries. America has reached out across the broad Pacific to pull down the flag of Spain, drive it from the Archipelago, and she is going to do it in the interest of humanity and civilization. She will fight Spain to the death; but when Spaniards are captured in battle, or throw down their arms in token of surrender, they will be treated with all the kindness accorded prisoners of war by the most enlightened nations."

CHAPTER III.

YANKEE DOODLE FLOORS A MONK.

WHEN Yankee Doodle turned again to Aguinaldo he left the Spanish prisoners satisfied that their lives would be spared. The chief, however, asked him what the Spaniard wanted.

"He merely wished to know if you were going to shoot them," replied Yankee Doodle, with a smile on his face.

"I certainly would were I a Spaniard," remarked the chief. "I am treating them, though, not as they deserve, but in accordance with my promise made to your admiral."

"If you keep that promise to the letter, chief, it will give you a reputation in Europe and America that will be of more benefit to your people than all the battles you could win."

"Indeed!" and the chief raised his eyebrows and glanced inquiringly at the American youth.

"Yes, chief, for your people are regarded throughout the civilized world as little better than savages. You will prove that they are not, and hence our government can say to the other fellows that the Filipinos are worthy of consideration and fair treatment, and will see that they get it."

"They shall certainly see," said the chief, with a good deal of emphasis, "that I am a man of my word; but my people have suffered so much at the hands of Spain it is extremely difficult for me to hold them in check. If my people are permitted to live unmolested by the powers that be, they will prove themselves to be as good as the people of any other country."

"I believe you," replied Yankee Doodle, "and so does the admiral."

The prisoners were marched away under guard and Yankee Doodle saw no more of them. He heard from others, though, that more than a thousand Spaniards had been captured during the last week, and that they were being kindly treated.

Soon after the disappearance of the prisoners, Aguinaldo, accompanied by a considerable escort,

started off in the direction of the coast to pay his visit to the admiral.

On the way Yankee Doodle conversed with him on many topics, finding that he was a well educated man who possessed a vast influence over his people. He asked Yankee Doodle many questions about the American form of government and the population and resources of the great republic. His education having been finished in Spain, where he was sent when a youth by his father, he naturally had a very vague idea of the resources of America. He was lamentably ignorant of American history, but had a very great opinion of the power and resources of Spain.

"Spain," said Yankee Doodle, "has been losing both power and influence ever since the days of Charles V., during which time she has passed down the scale from a first-rate to a fifth-rate power. The trouble with the Spaniards is that they know nothing of the rest of the world. Education there is confined almost exclusively to the wealthy classes, as the great body of the population can neither read nor write. It is the intelligence of a people that makes a nation great, for knowledge is power. The general impression among illiterate people is that brute force makes a nation great, on the principle that might makes right; but among educated, civilized people the pen is mightier than the sword. In America are millions of poor people who read and study and think; they invent machinery, excel in the arts and sciences, and rise to position through the force of intellect, thus making public opinion stronger than law. It is through the press that great questions are discussed, and the masses of the people become informed in such a way as to redound to the good of all. Were all your people able to read and write they would soon find out ways and means to better their condition in life, and thus build up commercial interests that would make them great and prosperous."

The chief was deeply interested in all he heard, and long before they reached the shores of the bay had become more like a personal friend and companion to the three Americans than what he really was, a great chief of a semi-civilized tribe.

When they reached the shores of the bay, they were in sight of the American fleet, lying off shore several miles away. They were seen from the deck of the flag-ship by the admiral himself, who watched them through a spy-glass.

By the time they had reached the place of landing at Cavite, the admiral's gig was there to receive them. Only he and Yankee Doodle entered it, leaving Joe behind with the escort.

The admiral received Aguinaldo in a very cordial manner, having met him twice before. He escorted him to his cabin, where they remained closeted together for a couple of hours, during which time Yankee Doodle was detailing to the other officers of the fleet the incidents of his trip.

The officers laughed heartily over the story of the uneasiness of the Spanish officer who had been captured by the insurgents.

"There was no mistake about it," laughed Yankee Doodle. "He was badly frightened when I told him they would probably be treated just as the Spaniards had been in the habit of treating the insurgents when captured. He frankly admitted that they had been in the habit of shooting insurgent leaders, claiming that other civilized nations did the same thing."

"Well," said one of the officers, "he was right from a European standpoint."

"Of course he was, and that's what made him sick."

"What do you think of this Aguinaldo?" one of the others asked.

"He is a remarkable man," was the reply, "and has a big crowd with him out there in the woods. They believe in him, and since the destruction of the Spanish fleet he has brought into the field a larger force than ever before. But they don't know a thing about military tactics."

"Of course not," said the officer, "and I guess they never will."

"Oh, yes, they will; for the Spaniards have committed the great blunder of organizing and drilling several regiments of natives, who will some day, and that very soon, turn against them."

While Yankee Doodle was talking with the officers the admiral's cabin boy came up and said he was wanted in the cabin.

He hastened at once to respond to the call.

"Yankee Doodle," said the admiral, "Chief Aguinaldo says that he would like to have you return with him to his camp for a few days, or as long as you wish to stay. If you care to go, you are at liberty to do so."

"Thank you, admiral," he replied, "I will be pleased to go with him provided Joe and Sergeant Bowles can accompany me."

"I would be glad to have all three of you," said the chief.

"All right, then, we will go with you."

The chief then took leave of the admiral, and entered the gig again followed by Yankee Doodle. When they reached the shore at Cavite, the latter informed Joe that they were to return with the chief and remain there as long as they wished to.

"That's a 'picnic,'" said Joe, very much pleased over the prospect.

The sergeant and Yankee Doodle had become great friends since the latter had met two of his cowboy comrades in Cuba, hence the request that he be permitted to return with him and Joe.

The chief lost no time in leaving Cavite with his escort, and as Joe and the sergeant had already packed up such things as they needed, went along with them. None of them had any arms other than their revolvers, and the sergeant called Yankee Doodle's attention to that fact, saying that they might need rifles.

"Oh, we can soon get Mausers," laughed Yankee Doodle, "for they are knocking Spaniards over every day out there."

"All right," said the sergeant; "I'll take the chances if you will."

They were soon on the way again, and by nightfall had reached the village where Yankee Doodle and Joe had spent the night of the first day they left Cavite.

The presence of Aguinaldo in the village caused no little uneasiness among the residents, for they suspected that he was meditating a move in that direction that would force them to leave their homes. Yankee Doodle assured several of them, however, that he was simply on his way back to headquarters after paying a visit to the American admiral.

The supply of tropical fruits on which they feasted was so abundant, that Joe remarked to Yankee Doodle:

"This beats Cuba, old man."

"Yes," was the reply, "for sometimes it was a hard matter to get anything to eat in the neighborhood of Santiago, but I guess it was because there were so many to be fed. The supply here, however, seems to be unlimited, and it is all the more strange on account of the vast population of Manila."

Besides fruit they had other prepared food, but they didn't seem to care much about it.

During the night Aguinaldo talked with pretty nearly all the prominent men of the village, while the three Americans devoted themselves to the women and girls. They all belonged to what is called there the Mestizo population, being descendants of inter-marriages between Spaniards or Europeans and natives.

Some of the women and girls were very beautiful, with an easy grace of manner that was charming. They plied the three with questions about America and Americans, evincing the greatest curiosity to find out all they could about them.

In conversation with one of the mothers of a large family, Yankee Doodle soon found out that the controlling influence with them all was that of the monks, who seemed to possess almost unlimited sway over them.

Their entire education was made up almost entirely of religious superstitions, and it amused them exceedingly to listen to them. A couple of monks entered the house while they were there. They were fat, jolly fellows, who greeted him pleasantly, and one of them entered into conversation with him.

He soon found that the monk was loyal to Spain in every fibre of his nature, for he several times deprecated the invasion of the island by the Americans to disturb the tranquility of a peaceful people.

"We have nothing to do with the war, Senor Americano," said the monk, "for it is our duty and aim in life to look after the souls of our people."

"I can assure you, father," said Yankee Doodle, "that it is not the aim of the American government or of her soldiers to interfere with the religious orders in any way whatever. We have chaplains with every regiment in our army to look after the soldiers."

The monk shrugged his shoulders, elevating his eye-

brows in a manner that said a great deal, but he made no further comment, further than to say:

"War is a great evil."

"So it is, father," he assented, "and it is a great pity that two Christian nations should send armies into the field to destroy each other in battle, but it has been so ever since man first appeared upon earth."

"So it has, my son; but God has willed it so that the right might triumph."

"There I differ with you, father, for I don't believe that God has willed that one man should slay another. I think we are too much prone to say that certain things are in accordance with the will of God or the work of the devil."

"I do not think you know anything about it, my son," said the monk, shrugging his shoulders.

"You may be right, father; nevertheless I don't believe that Christian nations should fight each other."

"Then why has your country attacked Spain?" the monk asked, with a degree of sternness in his tone.

"That is a great question, father. It began with the troubles in Cuba so far away from the Philippines that I doubt very much if you could understand it if I explained it to you."

"Why did you not fight it out in Cuba, then; why have you come here! The Filipinos have done no wrong to your people."

"We have come to strike Spain, not the Filipinos, father; and we think we are doing the Filipinos more good than harm in destroying the power of Spain in these islands."

"You cannot destroy it," said the monk, shaking his head, "for God will not permit you to do so."

"It seems He has permitted us to destroy the Spanish fleet," returned Yankee Doodle, "and I am of the opinion that when our army arrives we will destroy or capture the Spanish army in Manila. We certainly shall do no harm to the Filipinos."

That remark had a thrilling effect on the half score of women who were listening, for the monks had been telling them all along that the Americans were savages and infidels, who would destroy their religious institutions and make slaves of the people.

The monk himself noted the effect of it, and a scowl swept over his face.

"It is all wrong, all wrong," said he, shaking his head. "You should have fought out in Cuba where the trouble began instead of coming half way around the world to bring war to the doors of a peaceful, innocent people."

"Father," said Yankee Doodle, "the Philippines are also half way around the world from Spain; tell me why it is that an army of ten thousand Spanish soldiers are quartered here, on a peaceful, innocent people?"

It was a home shot, and the monk was intelligent enough to feel the full force of it. Yet he replied:

"These islands belong to the crown of Spain."

"So they do," assented Yankee Doodle, "by right of conquest."

"No, no!" said the priest, shaking his head, "by right of discovery."

"That is a difference without a distinction, father. The islands were not lost. They were placed here on the day of creation, and Spain had no more right to them when her navigators first saw them three hundred years ago than we have to-day. She took possession of them by force of might, and we are going to do the same thing. If it is wrong for us to do so now, it was wrong for Spain to do it three centuries ago."

"No, no!" said the monk; "Spain's mission was one of mercy, for we Christianized these people, whom we found to be heathens."

"Oh, come now, father," laughed Yankee Doodle; "Spain has just appealed to the nations of Christendom against us, charging that we have armed savages against a Christian nation, so you see she claims that the Filipinos are yet savages."

That floored the monk, and he retired in a very bad humor, after pronouncing an anathema against all Americans. The women were astonished that a mere youth should have worsted one of the all-powerful monks so easily.

"Senora," said he to one of the mothers, "monks are only men, who can do no more than other men. They are all right as long as they confine themselves to their religious duties, and all wrong when they attempt to intermeddle with the affairs of government, civil or military. In my country the people hold that everybody should have the right to worship God in his own way, and that no one else should interfere with him."

"Are they all infidels, senor?" the woman asked.

"No, senora; we are a Christian people, who worship the same God that you do, and we are a happy, contented people, caring little about the way our neighbors live, so long as they behave themselves. We are a people who love each other, love our homes, and take care of our women and children, so as to make them happy and comfortable all through life."

"That seems to me to be right, senor," remarked another one of the women.

"It seems so to us, senora," said he, after which the conversation changed to other topics, for neither he nor the women considered themselves competent to discuss theological questions; but when the monk tackled him, the indomitable spirit of young America impelled him to stand up for his side.

"Are all the American soldiers young men like yourself?" one of the girls asked.

"We have no old men in the army, senorita, so we young men have to do the fighting. But we don't mind it much, for we don't think the Spaniards are very hard to whip. We are going to smash their army just as we did their fleet, and then you will be troubled no more by Spanish soldiers."

CHAPTER IV.

A TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF FILIPINOS.

EARLY the next morning Aguinaldo pushed on for

his headquarters, where he found everything as he had left it the day before. There had been but little fighting during his absence, but his men were all eager to be led against the enemy.

On inquiry Yankee Doodle learned that the insurgents had no artillery, save a battery of six-pounders which they had recently captured at a small Spanish outpost. None of those who had captured the battery knew how to handle it, and yet they stood in great awe of the big guns.

It had been captured by a force which had come from a considerable distance from the interior who had but few fire-arms. When Yankee Doodle saw them he asked for particulars of the fight of their leader, but the fellow spoke a jargon he could not understand.

"They don't all speak Spanish," he said to himself, as he looked around at the uncouth crowd.

"No, senor," said one of Aguinaldo's staff. "These men come from over the mountains where but few Spaniards ever go."

"What tongue do they speak?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"It is original Filipino."

"Do you understand it?"

"Oh, yes, senor; perfectly."

"Well," said he, "I'd like to see it in print, for I never heard anything like it."

"That is the way your English sounds to us, senor," remarked the native officer.

"I suppose so," laughed Yankee Doodle. "Still it doesn't make such a jargon to you as that fellow's speech does to me."

The natives were coming and going continuously, reporting to the chief and receiving instructions. Yet all day long distant firing could be heard, showing that a continual skirmishing was going on between Spanish pickets and the natives.

That night Yankee Doodle and the sergeant, as they lay in their hammocks, decided that it was becoming rather monotonous for them to stay around headquarters, so they planned to go out the next morning to see some of the fighting. The chief consented for them to do so, telling them they could go where they pleased, and do what they wished. One of his staff officers, who was a bright young half-breed, went with them so as to let the natives know who they were.

After going a mile or so through the woods they met a party of nearly a thousand natives, who were on their way to attack a Spanish outpost nearly ten miles back in the interior.

"Say, sergeant," said Yankee Doodle, "suppose we go along with these fellows and see them through?"

"All right," said the sergeant.

"What do you say to it, Joe?" he asked of the fifer.

"I'm with you," was the reply, and the three, accompanied by the young Filipino, went with them.

Long before they reached the locality Yankee

Doodle found that scarcely half of the Filipinos in the party could speak Spanish; the others spoke only the native tongue, and made up a motley crowd such as the three Americans had never seen before in all their lives.

But as they were Americanos, (as they were called,) the natives had a very exalted opinion of their fighting qualities, on account of Dewey's destruction of the Spanish fleet.

They all wondered, however, why it was they had no other arms than the revolvers in their belts.

"Say, boys," said Yankee Doodle, "if we can get hold of three good Mausers we ought to do so."

"I was thinking so myself," was the reply of the sergeant; "but where are we to get them? There isn't over five hundred in this crowd of a thousand men."

"Well, we must look out for them somewhere," said Yankee Doodle. "Maybe we'll get a chance to pick them up from the enemy."

When they reached the place they found that the Spanish post was defended by about six hundred soldiers. It was an old stone building that had once been used by the monks as a church, in the lower part of which were many living rooms more like cells than otherwise, and all around it, for a distance of a hundred yards or so from the old building was a line of intrenchments, behind which the Spaniards had been defending themselves for a couple of weeks.

As near as Yankee Doodle could find out by close questioning, the garrison had a good supply of provisions, with plenty of water from several wells, which had been sunk inside the intrenchments, but outside of the old church.

Yankee Doodle, Joe and the sergeant, went clear around the place, looking for a vulnerable point. Neither side had any artillery, but the Spaniards had Mausers, and were superior marksmen as compared with their assailants, who numbered, including the reinforcements that had just come up, nearly two thousand.

They were poorly armed, however, except about five hundred, who had Mausers. The others had various kinds of old-fashioned firearms, which were of but little use, except in the hands of men who knew how to use them.

The sergeant shook his head as he looked at the place, and remarked to Yankee Doodle and Joe:

"It might be taken by assault, but I doubt it. We might go over those breastworks with a rush, but the Spaniards can get into that old stone church, fire from the windows, and pretty nearly destroy the whole crowd."

"That's just what I think, too, sergeant," said Yankee Doodle. "It will cost a good deal less to stand off and reduce it by starvation, than to attempt to take it by assault. I am going to have a talk with their leader, and tell him that it won't do to have his men slaughtered by wholesale," so he turned to the young Filipino, whom Aguinaldo had sent with them,

and pointed out to him the impossibility of taking the place by assault.

The young officer seemed to catch his idea, and said he would take him to the leader to have a talk with him.

Yankee Doodle found that the chief in command of the party was an elderly man who had gained considerable prestige by reducing a little outpost the week before, capturing about one hundred and twenty-five Spaniards. He was a full-blooded native who could speak Spanish fluently.

"We can take it, senor," said he very firmly, "for we have men enough with us now to rush over their intrenchments and crush them by force of numbers."

"You might do so, chief," said Yankee Doodle, "but it will cost the lives of nearly half your command."

"But we would kill or capture the Spaniards," said the old fellow, who seemed to think that that would pay for his losses.

"Maybe so, chief, but if they can be captured without that loss, why should you have so many of your men killed?"

"We have to take the chances of being killed, Senor Americano."

"Very true; but the best general is he who accomplishes the most with the least loss of life."

"I don't think it would cost so much, Senor Americano, and to-morrow if they do not surrender we will make the attack."

Yankee Doodle saw at once that the chief was determined to capture it by assault if possible, so he simply said:

"You will make a mistake, chief, for while you have nearly four men to their one, they are all armed with the Mauser, whilst you have not over five hundred weapons of that kind in your command. You will be defeated."

Nearly all the native officers were standing around at the time and heard what he said. The conversation ended there, and that night the chief divided his force into four parties, instructing their leaders to begin the assault on four sides at daylight.

"Say, pard," said the sergeant to Yankee Doodle, "we had better keep out of this thing."

"So I think," said Joe.

"Of course," said Yankee Doodle. "It is going to be a hand to hand slaughter, and I, for one, do not propose to get into it."

"What are you going to do then," he asked.

"I am going to keep out of it," was the reply.

"Just look on, eh?"

"Yes. I have just told him what it was, and I can't do anything more. If he wins he'll have the laugh on us; if he loses he will probably regret that he didn't take our advice."

During the night the sergeant talked with several of the leaders, and learned from them that the general impression was that the three Americans were afraid. He very frankly warned them that some-

thing else besides courage was necessary to win battles.

"Prudence and generalship often accomplish a great deal more than desperate fighting," he said.

"Before daylight the next morning Yankee Doodle, Joe and the sergeant took up a position in the edge of the woods, from which they could view the fight on three sides. The old chief, just before he gave the order for the assault, joined them, and remarked to Yankee Doodle:

"We will soon be inside over there, Senor Americano."

"Yes, chief," he replied, "a great many of your men will get inside and die there; but you won't capture the old church."

"You will see, senor," and with that he strode away and gave the order for the attack.

It was very plain to the three Americans that the Spaniards themselves were fully aware that the attack was to be made, for they were in the trenches waiting for the onslaught before the stars had faded away.

At first the natives opened fire with all the firearms they had, and kept it up about fifteen or twenty minutes. Then they closed in on the intrenchments with a wild rush.

When they were within fifty yards of the breastworks, the Spaniards pumped lead into them with such deadly effect that the whole front line went down.

The others, however, rushed on with an impetuous dash that caused the sergeant to exclaim:

"Lord, but they are brave fellows!"

"So they are," said Yankee Doodle, "but they lack discipline."

They went pell-mell over the intrenchments on the east and west sides in a confused mass. The Spaniards, to avoid being actually run over by them, slowly fell back over the lawn in the direction of the old church, seeing which, the defenders on the south side did likewise, but all the time pouring a deadly fire into their assailants, who fell by scores.

At the same time a deadly fire from every window of the old church was being poured into them, which held them in check just long enough to enable those from the trenches to take refuge inside.

The great oaken doors were closed, but the natives hurled themselves against them with all their force and weight. They might as well have thrown themselves against a solid stone wall, for they seemed to be equally as strong.

The fight raged for nearly an hour, by which time three or four hundred natives lay killed and wounded inside the intrenchments, while as many more had fallen outside.

Suddenly they gave way and fled as in a panic, seeking shelter in the woods. The old chief himself had fallen. The repulse was complete, while their losses were too great to be calculated.

Not a word came from the defenders of the post, save where orders were shouted by the officers.

Within five minutes after the fight the Spaniards came out of the old church to look after their wounded.

They picked up more than fifty of their comrades and bore them back into the building, whilst perhaps a score or so had been killed outright. Many of them were seen to dispatch wounded natives with their bayonets. Some few were shot. The dead and wounded Filipinos were thrown over the intrenchments, after which a Spanish officer called out that they could come and take them away without danger to themselves.

During the entire fight the three Americans remained under a great tree quiet spectators of the scene. A little later a Filipino came up and said to Yankee Doodle :

"Senor Americano, we now know you were right. Our chief is slain. Will you tell us what we should do?"

"Yes, *amigo*," he replied. "Take your wounded away and bury your dead."

"Shall we not fight again, senor?"

"No, not until you have disposed of your dead and wounded."

The work was quickly done, for over a thousand natives rushed up to the breastworks and bore their comrades back into the woods. Then the officers came to Yankee Doodle in a body, with the statement that they were ready to fight again to avenge their comrades.

"What's the use?" he asked. "You would be defeated again. You have got to do this work by degrees."

"Will you tell us how, senor?" asked a stalwart sub-chief, who was bleeding from three bullet wounds.

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle, "we can force them to surrender in a few days, if we go about it in the right way."

"But which is the right way?" the Filipino asked.

"You must station your best marksmen all around the intrenchments," said Yankee Doodle, "and keep up a fire that will force them to remain in the building. After a few days they will have enough of it, and be willing to surrender."

"But they can fire, too, Senor Americano."

"Very true; but we will be in the bushes where they cannot see us, and they will have to expose themselves at the windows, where we can pick them off. Then again, if they attempt to reach the breastworks they will be exposed to our fire for a distance of a hundred yards on all sides."

Yankee Doodle also found that he had to explain to them that it was utterly useless to fire at a man unless they took deliberate aim before pulling the trigger.

At that moment a couple of Spanish soldiers emerged from the old stone building and went toward one of the wells for water.

"Sergeant," said Yankee Doodle, "show them how to knock a man over with a Mauser."

The sergeant snatched a Mauser from one of the

Filipinos, raised it to his shoulder, aimed quickly and fired.

The two Spaniards were nearly three hundred yards away, but the foremost one dropped his bucket, staggered a few steps and fell. The other started to run back to the building, but the sergeant caught him on the run, and he, too, fell, as though instantly killed.

CHAPTER V.

YANKEE DOODLE COMMANDS IN A BATTLE AND WINS—
AGUINALDO GIVES HIM A REGIMENT OF FILIPINOS.

THE Filipinos were very much surprised at the two splendid shots made by the sergeant, and hardly knew what to think of it. They were speaking of it to each other, when a dozen other Spaniards ran out from the old church to bring in their two comrades.

Yankee Doodle and Joe each snatched a Mauser from the Filipinos standing around them, and began picking them off. So deadly was the aim of the three Americans, that only two of the Spaniards managed to get back into the building, while exclamations of wonder burst from the Filipino officers.

"Do you understand," Yankee Doodle asked, looking around at them, "that the Americans shoot to kill, while you would have fired a hundred shots, perhaps, without hitting a man? There is no use in firing unless you take good aim, for you waste your ammunition without accomplishing anything."

By this time the Spaniards had discovered where the fatal shots had come from, and a few minutes later began firing from the windows into the woods, where Yankee Doodle and his party were concealed. Two of the Filipinos were hit.

He, Joe and the sergeant promptly returned the fire with such effect as to drive the enemy from the windows. Turning to the Filipinos, he said to them :

"If we had fifty men who could shoot as we do, we could force them to remain there under cover, until starvation compelled them to surrender, and that, too, probably without the loss of a life. Your people must be taught how to use the rifle."

The firing ceased for nearly an hour, during which time Yankee Doodle, assisted by Joe and the sergeant, posted the Filipinos in the woods on four sides of the old church to keep a watch out for any Spaniard that might show himself.

During the next two or three hours they had found about a dozen Filipinos who, by taking a deliberate aim, could hit a man at that distance, two or three times out of five shots.

They held the enemy at bay until late in the afternoon, when a small flag of truce was waved from one of the windows.

"Hello," said the sergeant; "surely they don't mean to surrender?" and as it was on his side of the building he at once answered the signal by waving his handkerchief from the point of a stick.

A few minutes later a Spanish officer emerged from the building, bearing a pocket handkerchief fastened to the point of his sword.

The sergeant went forward to meet him and the two men on top of the breastworks.

The Spaniard seemed very much surprised at finding an American where he expected to meet a native.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am an American soldier."

"Are there any other Americans here?"

"There's a few of us," was the reply.

"What is your rank?"

"I am high private, with the rank of sergeant in the American army, but at present detailed to the command of a native force. But I don't know whether I am a general, or a colonel, or a captain, or a grand high cockaloorum."

"Is there no American officer here?"

"No, unless you consider me one. What do you want?"

"I want to march unmolested to Manila."

"You can't do that," said the sergeant, "unless you surrender."

"We are not going to surrender," said the officer, shaking his head, "but we are willing to give up the post on condition that we are not molested in returning to Manila."

"You must surrender," said the sergeant, "for the chief who commanded the assault this morning is dead, and American soldiers are in command now, so no such folly will be repeated."

"I have nothing more to say to you, then," said the Spaniard, wheeling around and marching back to the old stone church.

The sergeant returned to the woods, and at once ran around to the west side to report to Yankee Doodle what had taken place.

"Good!" said the latter, "for that shows they are in a hole. I am told they have plenty of provisions inside, but they have taken their dead and wounded in. If they have no way of burying the dead in there, a couple of days longer will force them to surrender, for in this hot climate a dead body will become offensive within twenty-four hours."

The firing was kept up until night came on. A full moon gave a light sufficient to enable the sharpshooters to draw beads on any Spaniard who attempted to reach the well.

They made several efforts to do so, but each time met with disaster. Then a little after midnight they rushed out for the purpose of regaining their position in the trenches. But the hundred yards of open space between the building and the breastworks exposed them to a deadly fire.

About half of them succeeded in getting into the trenches, where they were compelled to remain or else again expose themselves to the deadly aim of the sharpshooters in attempting to return.

When daylight came they were in greater peril than ever, for, as the line of breastworks formed a complete circle around the building, those in the trenches that fronted the east side were exposed to an enfilading fire on their right and left, though shielded from the aim of those directly in their front.

Those who attempted to go to the trenches from the building after sunrise were shot down, and a like fate overtook those who attempted to return from the trenches to the shelter of the building.

During all this time the wounded soldiers within were without water, and their suffering was intense, indescribable, in fact.

About noon another white flag was waved from a window on the west side. Yankee Doodle himself answered it by attaching his handkerchief to the muzzle of a Mauser. The same officer who had met the sergeant met him.

"Who are you?" the officer asked.

"I am an American soldier in command of the force now in your front," replied Yankee Doodle.

"Are you an Americano?"

"I have just told you that I am."

"You are very young for such a responsibility."

"Maybe I am," he replied, "but I trust you will give me credit for being equal to it, as I have had command here ever since the battle yesterday morning. What do you wish?"

"We wish to surrender the post on condition that we are allowed to return to Manila with our arms."

"That is impossible," said Yankee Doodle. "You must surrender unconditionally, or fight it out to the bitter end."

"Then we will continue to fight," said the officer.

"All right," said Yankee Doodle. "It amuses you, no doubt, and doesn't hurt us; so you are at liberty to keep up the fight until you have got enough of it."

"How would we be treated as prisoners?" the Spaniard asked.

"As prisoners of war," was the reply; "not one of you will be hurt."

"What guarantee can you give that we will not be harmed?"

"None, whatever, except the honor of an American soldier."

"That would be sufficient," said the officer, "so far as American soldiers are concerned, but can you control the Filipinos?"

"I can," was the reply, "as they have promised to obey all orders. How many men have you?"

"About four hundred besides our wounded."

"Now, see here," said Yankee Doodle, "you had better surrender and take your wounded to the city with you. But you will have to sign a parole not to fight again until exchanged."

"That would be a recognition of the insurgents," said the officer. "Were I to surrender on such terms, I would be court-martialed and shot. I would rather die defending the post."

"I will parole you, then, not to fight against the Americans until exchanged?"

"But you have no right to parole a prisoner, not being an American officer."

Yankee Doodle laughed, saying:

"This is a condition over which you have no control; a case in which might makes right."

"Very true," returned the other, "but the honor

of a Spanish soldier makes it incumbent upon us to die at our post rather than to surrender under such conditions."

"You have a very exaggerated idea of honor," returned Yankee Doodle. "You had better drop it and let common sense settle the matter."

The Spaniard shook his head, declaring that he would not surrender unless he and his men were permitted to return to Manila taking their arms with them.

"Impossible," said Yankee Doodle, and each returned to his post, after which the sharpshooting was resumed.

Another night passed and desultory firing was kept up. The next morning the entire force rushed out from the stone building, charged in a body to the breastworks, passed over it and attempted to cut their way through on the west side where Yankee Doodle was commanding.

The latter was astounded at the sudden and unexpected move, and had great difficulty in holding the Filipinos in hand. The sergeant, however, quickly divined the situation and rushed to his assistance with three hundred natives, whilst Joe came up on the other side with his force.

A terrific hand to hand fight ensued, which lasted nearly thirty minutes, at the end of which time the Spaniards threw down their arms and asked for quarter.

Never did men work harder than the three Americans in trying to save the lives of the remnant of the garrison. Nearly one half of them were killed and wounded before they could put a stop to it.

Nearly two hundred and fifty prisoners were captured, with all their arms and ammunition. They were placed under a strong guard, and told to bury their dead and look after their wounded.

The natives were jubilant, as nearly six hundred Mauser rifles had been captured with a supply of provisions sufficient to feed five hundred men for more than two weeks.

The Spanish officer who had attempted negotiations escaped unharmed, and he complimented Yankee Doodle on the effectiveness of his work.

"Thank you," was the reply. "I have done the best I could, and must say that I think you have done the same."

They encamped during the night on the place, but a courier was sent at once to inform Aguinaldo of the result of the expedition.

"Sergeant," said Yankee Doodle, "what do you say to organizing a regiment of these fellows, and teaching them something about military tactics and discipline?"

"Just the thing," was the reply; "but will we be allowed to do it?"

"Oh, I guess there will be no kick on that. We'll try it anyway."

"All right," said the sergeant; "there must be about a thousand of them here now, but about half of

them cannot understand Spanish, and we cannot understand them."

"Oh, in the course of time we may be able to weed those fellows out and fill up the ranks with those who can speak Spanish."

Before midnight they had divided the men into ten companies, to be officered by the native officers who had survived the fight. The officers were instructed to hold their companies together, so they could handle them for the execution of any orders they might receive.

Early the next morning they began the march towards the city, the Spanish prisoners bearing their wounded on litters. Of course it was a slow, tedious march, as every quarter of a mile they were forced to stop to afford those who were bearing the litters a chance to rest.

When they had gone about seven or eight miles they were met by Aguinaldo and his staff. The chief had heard the whole story from a number who had participated in the fight.

He grasped the hands of the three Americans, shook them warmly, thanking them for the services they had rendered.

"Chief," said Yankee Doodle, "the Filipinos are brave men, but they need officers who will not sacrifice them by engaging in reckless fighting. I tried to persuade the chief from making the attack yesterday morning, but in vain, and hundreds of lives were uselessly sacrificed."

"Yes, Senor Americano, I have heard the whole story. I am sorry it happened, and yet glad that the victory was finally won."

"These prisoners are yours, chief," said Yankee Doodle, "and I hope you will treat them kindly, for they fought like brave men, and deserve to be treated as such."

"Not one of them shall be harmed, senor," returned the chief, "for I have pledged my word of honor to the admiral to that effect."

Yankee Doodle was relieved of his prisoners, after which he returned with Aguinaldo to his headquarters.

That night hundreds of the Filipinos told their comrades the story of the fight, and they all looked upon the three Americans, particularly Yankee Doodle, as great fighters who had been sent to their assistance by Admiral Dewey. It was the first time since the insurgents began the fight against the Spaniards where a fight had ended in the total loss of the force defending a post. Heretofore some always escaped to carry the news to the captain-general at Manila.

In conversation with Aguinaldo, Yankee Doodle asked permission to organize a regiment of natives, who could speak the Spanish language.

"I want men," he said, "who can understand an order when it is given. There were hundreds with us yesterday who could not, and had to be told by those who could what the orders were."

"There are plenty of them," said the chief, "and you may have all you wish."

"Very well, then," returned Yankee Doodle, "we will organize them to-morrow, and appoint their captains."

The chief then informed him that there were quite a number of Filipinos who had seen service in native regiments commanded by Spanish officers, who had deserted and come to him.

"I don't want them," said Yankee Doodle.

"What's the matter?" the chief asked.

"I have no faith in a deserter."

"They are all right," said Aguinaldo.

"Maybe they are," was the reply, "but I don't want them. The history of the world has never shown a deserter who was worthy of confidence. Those fellows who fought against their country for Spanish gold, have deserted because they have found themselves on the losing side. You will make a mistake if you trust any of them," and Yankee Doodle shook his head very emphatically.

CHAPTER VI.

YANKEE DOODLE HEMS IN A SPANISH FORCE AND SHOWS THEM WHAT YOUNG AMERICA CAN DO.

WHEN it became known in the insurgent camp that Yankee Doodle wanted volunteers for a regiment to be led by himself and his two comrades, enough of them came forward to form a brigade.

He would have but one thousand, though, and soon had ten companies of one hundred men each. He was to be first in command, the sergeant second and Joe third. The captains and lieutenants were selected by Aguinaldo himself at the request of Yankee Doodle.

As soon as the officers were appointed Yankee Doodle called them around him and told them in a few plain, simple but emphatic words that the first duty of a soldier was to obey orders, and he wanted everyone of them to pledge himself to obey every order received no matter what the consequences might be.

They very promptly made the pledge, and then each one was given a saber which had been captured from the enemy. That done, he and Joe and the sergeant proceeded to instruct them in the A B C of drill tactics, keeping it up for hours at a time.

They proved to be very apt pupils, and after two days of constant drilling were told to go to their companies and put them through in the same way.

A prouder set of natives could not have been found through the entire host of insurgents. They were instructed in the science of aiming at and hitting a target, at the same time impressing it upon each one the folly of pulling a trigger before aiming.

So great became the enthusiasm of the members of the regiment that they called themselves the "Yankee Doodles." The sergeant, who now held the rank of lieutenant-colonel, nudged Yankee Doodle in the ribs, and laughingly remarked:

"They will have the laugh on you in the army and on board the fleet."

"How so?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"For letting those fellows take your name away

from you. Up to this time there was only one Yankee Doodle in the whole world, and now there are over a thousand of them."

"Oh, that's all right!" he replied. "I guess they feel proud enough to uphold the honor of the name."

"Oh, no doubt of that," assented the sergeant, "but the impression will go out that you conferred the name on them yourself."

"Oh, the deuce!" he exclaimed; "I never thought of that!" and the look of dismay on his face made the sergeant roar with laughter.

The next day Joe said to Yankee Doodle that every Filipino in the regiment was calling himself a "Yankee Doodle," and would not answer to any other name.

"Yes, yes," he replied, "I made a mistake in not having it copyrighted, and now a thousand others have appropriated it. It can't be helped, I suppose."

"No," said Joe, "for they are prouder of it than a boy with his first pair of copper-toed boots."

"Oh, well it's all right; we'll have to teach them to keep up the honor of the name."

"That's the only way," laughed Joe, "for they are going to cling to it all the rest of their lives."

"There is only one thing more we need," continued Joe.

"What is that?"

"A fife and drum."

"Oh, you be hanged! I won't have it; no one else could work it but you and I, and were we to do so the American army and navy, as well as the entire Spanish army, would roll on the ground laughing at us."

"I guess they would," laughed Joe, "but we are in this thing for the fun we can get out of it."

"Yes, but I don't want it in that shape, and won't have it."

As they stood talking over the matter a native ran up to Yankee Doodle almost out of breath, saying:

"Senor Yankee Doodle, the chief sends for you."

"All right; come on, Joe, and let us see what he wants," and the two hurried away to headquarters.

Aguinaldo was surrounded by a crowd of his officers, who were a good deal excited over some news that had just come in.

"What is it, chief?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"The Spaniards are advancing up the river road," was the reply.

"In what force?" he asked.

"I don't know; but very strong, as far as we can learn."

"On which side of the river are they?"

"On the other side from here."

"Furnish me with guides, then, and I will look after them."

Several officers present, who were familiar with every foot of that section of the country, promptly volunteered their services.

"All right," said Yankee Doodle, "we will march within half an hour."

In less than that time, however, the regiment was in motion, but was compelled to march in single file along a trail that led through the dense woods in the direction of the river.

When they reached the stream, the road that ran along that side was not much better than the trail that led into it. The great highway leading to Manila was on the other side. There was no bridge or boats by which any considerable body of men could cross over in the face of an enemy.

In times of peace there were many steamers and small merchant craft plying up and down the stream, all of which were now tied up to avoid capture.

"There is no chance to get at them," said Yankee Doodle to the sergeant.

"Well, we are even with them," he laughed, "for they can't get at us."

"Very true; I don't want to get over there until I find out the strength of the enemy. We must send scouts over, and there are plenty of small boats along here that would answer for that purpose."

He consulted with some of the officers, in order to find out if any of their men knew the country on the other side.

He was assured that hundreds of them were familiar with all that section.

"Then send me half a dozen good trusty fellows."

They soon came to him, and were instructed to cross over and find out the force of the enemy and report to him, without exposing themselves to any danger in doing so.

The fellows found a lot of canoes, one of which they took and rowed to the opposite side with a speed that told they were well acquainted with the oar. They disappeared in the thicket on the other shore.

Yankee Doodle then ordered the regiment to go into camp where they were, and two lines of sentinels were stationed all around the place to prevent the possibility of a surprise. He then quietly waited for the return of the scouts.

Night came on, and an hour or two later scouts returned with the report that two regiments of Spaniards had passed up the road for the purpose of conveying a month's supply of rations for an outpost some eight or ten miles up the river.

The outpost commanded the navigation of the river at that point, as a battery of four pieces was stationed there for the purpose of sinking any craft that attempted to pass without permission.

"What is the force of the garrison there?" Yankee Doodle asked of one of the native captains who had often been there before the insurrection began.

"They always kept about five hundred men there," was the reply.

"The battery is mounted to cover the river, is it not?"

"Yes, Senor Colonel, the fort was built there for that purpose."

"Very well, then, we'll wait until those two regiments go back, after which we'll go up there and take that fort."

The native captain's eyes opened wide, for it was one of the outposts which Aguinaldo himself dared not attack. But he said nothing.

Yankee Doodle then held a consultation with the sergeant and Joe and told them what he contemplated doing. Said he:

"It would be a great mistake to attack those two regiments, for they are not only trained soldiers, but greatly outnumber us."

"That's so," assented the sergeant, "but they may reinforce the fort."

"I hardly think they will," was the reply, "as they have no men to spare from the defense of Manila."

"I want to take that fort for the purpose of getting their battery. If we can get hold of that, we can knock any of the outposts to pieces with very little trouble."

"That's so," said Joe, "I'm a great believer in artillery, when it is handled right."

He at once sent scouts back over the river, with instructions to keep close enough to the enemy to enable him to watch all their movements, and to send word to him as soon as they returned to Manila.

The scouts returned at once, whilst Joe, who had charge of the picket line, went around to see whether or not the pickets were wide awake and watchful. He found them doing much better than he expected.

He informed each sentinel that if he fell asleep on post he would be shot; that the safety of a camp depended on the vigilance of its sentinels.

Nothing occurred during the night to disturb the quiet of the camp, and the next day they had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy pass down the road again on their return to the city.

Late in the afternoon every kind of craft in sight on that side of the river, for a distance of four or five miles, was seized, and during the night the entire regiment passed over to the other side, where they reformed in the great military road.

As soon as the last man had passed over they were ordered forward in the direction of the fort. A couple of hours later they had reached it and taken a position within rifle range.

By some means or other the garrison became aware of their presence, but didn't seem to fear an attack. It was called a fort, while it was really nothing but a well-constructed piece of earthworks, whose strongest side fronted the river, where a battery of four pieces was planted so as to sweep the stream in front, and on the right and left. In the rear the earthworks were very solid, a little over four feet in height, with a ditch in front of it.

Yankee Doodle climbed a tree about four hundred yards away from the fort, where, with a spy-glass, he managed to have a good view of its environment.

"It would take a considerable force to capture it by assault," said he to himself, "and it could be done

then only at a great sacrifice of life. It would bother them some to shift their artillery from where it is now placed so as to make it bear upon us."

The country was a dead level for miles back from the river, so that the only commanding position the besieging force would have would be in the top of the trees that grew thickly on the north side of the road, about four hundred yards from the fort. Down on the ground the Spaniards could not be seen, save as they would raise their heads above the breastworks for the purpose of firing. Sharpshooters up in the trees, however, would have a fair view of its defenders everywhere in the fort, except along the line of the earthworks fronting the road.

Even then they would have an infinitely better chance at them than would those down on the ground.

While up there in the tree Yankee Doodle made the discovery that a force of sharpshooters on the opposite side of the river, which at that place was about two hundred yards wide, could get fair shots at the backs of the Spaniards standing in the trench that fronted the road, provided they were well elevated in the trees over there.

On descending from the tree, he told the sergeant and Joe that if a hundred sharpshooters were in the trees on the opposite side of the river, they could make it hot for the Spaniards in the trenches fronting the land side of the fort.

"But," said the sergeant, "a few shells from the battery would knock them all out of the trees."

"Oh, no," said Yankee Doodle, "for our sharpshooters in the trees, on this side, could pick off everyone who attempted to man the guns. The only danger that I can see is that we would be in range of our own sharpshooters on the other side of the river, unless they were very careful in their aim. We'll have to send our best marksmen over there, and I think you had better take two companies over and keep about a hundred in the trees, while the others remain on the ground for emergencies. Joe and I will keep about a hundred in the trees over on this side, so as to keep them in view all the time."

"Lord, pard," exclaimed the sergeant, "if we can make that plan work we can reduce the fort in one day."

"I think so, too," said Yankee Doodle; "so you had better take two companies at once and go back down the river, cross over to the other side, get your men up in the trees, and then wave a handkerchief somewhere over there where I can see it. Then we'll begin the work. I think, though, you had better not begin until sunrise to-morrow, for if we begin late in the afternoon they might attempt to get away during the night, whereas if we begin at sunrise we might force them to surrender before the day ends."

The sergeant at once took two of the companies and returned down the road, whilst the rest of the regiment remained concealed in the woods. It took him nearly all the afternoon to cross the river and get in position opposite the fort, but a little before sunset Yankee Doodle, high up in one of the trees, saw the

signal that had been agreed upon, and knew that everything was in readiness to begin the attack the next morning.

Retiring back some distance in the woods Yankee Doodle went into camp after placing a strong line of sentinels. But daylight found them in the woods bordering along the great highway, with about a hundred and fifty sharpshooters perched high up in the tall trees for a distance of two or three hundred yards up and down the roadside.

The dense foliage concealed them quite effectually from the Spaniards in the fort.

Yankee Doodle himself was in a conspicuous place about seventy feet from the ground, whence he had a good view of the inside of the fort fronting the river. He saw a Spanish soldier leaning against one of the guns quietly smoking. He drew a bead on him, and fired the opening shot of the fight.

He saw the Spaniard give a start, stagger away from the gun a few paces and fall. Instantly a dozen of his comrades ran to his assistance.

Then the sharpshooters in the trees began peppering away at them, which had the effect to cause the officers in command of the fort to order every man to his post.

They obeyed with the promptness of trained soldiers, but those standing by the guns began dropping so fast under the fire of the sharpshooters from the trees they were ordered into the trench that protected the rear, where they at once opened a furious fire at the trees all along the woods fronting on the highway three or four hundred yards distant.

Both sides were using the Mauser rifle and smokeless powder, hence the aim of the Spaniards was uncertain, because they could not see the Filipinos.

Bullets rattled like hail through the leaves of the trees, and three or four of the sharpshooters were wounded, one so severely as to cause him to fall from his perch to the ground, a height of sixty feet, with a dull thud, that was probably heard by the Spaniards in the fort. Of course the fall killed him.

Yankee Doodle was wondering why the sergeant didn't open fire, when he heard a volley from that side of the river of perhaps a hundred rifles. The effect of it was magical, for the enemy, finding themselves peppered squarely in the back, leaped out of the trench, and ran wildly to and fro in search of shelter, thus exposing themselves to a cross-fire from both sides.

One of the officers ordered them to man the guns and shell the woods across the river, but as they sprang forward to obey, Yankee Doodle and his sharpshooters picked them off so rapidly that only one gun was fired. The men fled for shelter, which could not be found inside the fort.

But they kept up a desultory firing, both across the river and at the trees beyond the road. But on neither side could they see a single man to shoot at.

In the woods down on the ground, Joe was holding the main body of the Filipinos well in hand, but not firing a shot.

"How is it going up there?" he sang out to Yankee Doodle, after the fight had been going on for half an hour.

"Fine!" was the reply. "We are just knocking the stuffing out of them!"

"Good! Keep it up!" sung out Joe.

"You bet I will!" came back from the tree, and the next moment another Filipino came tumbling to the ground, knocked off his perch by a chance shot from the fort.

Again the Spaniards made a desperate effort to man the battery, to shell the woods on the other side of the river.

"Take good aim, Filipinos!" called out Yankee Doodle, "and don't pull the trigger until you are sure of your man."

The few lessons that had been given them in marksmanship bore fine fruit, as many a Spaniard was hit as he vainly sought shelter from the murderous fire. They managed to fire one more shell from the battery, but it cost them a dozen men to do it.

After that Yankee Doodle, who was watching all the time with his spy-glass, saw that they were fast becoming demoralized. He noticed two officers running about with drawn swords, threatening the lives of soldiers for refusing to stand by the guns. Men were dropping all around him.

Within one hour after the first shot was fired an officer sprang up on the breastworks and waved a white handkerchief above his head.

"Cease firing!" sung out Yankee Doodle and the sergeant almost at the same moment, and not another shot was fired.

CHAPTER VII.

YANKEE DOODLE IS DEPOSED BY AGUINALDO AFTER A BATTLE WITH THE SPANIARDS.

As soon as the firing ceased Yankee Doodle quickly descended from the tree, tied a handkerchief to the point of his sword, crossed the road, and started across the opening in the direction of the fort. The Spanish officer descended from the breastworks and met him half way.

Yankee Doodle saw from his uniform that he was a major. They saluted each other, when the major remarked:

"You have made it too hot for us. What are your terms?"

"Unconditional surrender," was the reply.

"You are an American, are you not?" the major asked.

"Yes, I am an American soldier."

"What is your rank?"

"I command an insurgent regiment," replied Yankee Doodle.

"Who is your commanding officer?"

"I am in sole command here."

"What will be done with my men?" asked the major.

"They will be treated as prisoners of war, and be well taken care of until exchanged, provided you sur-

render everything in good condition, destroying nothing in the way of arms or provisions."

The major, whom the casualties of the fight had left in command of the fort, accepted the conditions, and was told to have his command march outside by companies and lay down their arms, after which they should bury their dead and look after their wounded.

The conditions were promptly complied with, and a man was sent across the river in a canoe to inform the sergeant of what had taken place.

The Filipinos were drawn up in the middle of the great road to witness the laying down of the arms of the enemy. Less than a dozen of their number having been hit, they were more than ever firm believers in the generalship and fighting qualities of the Americans. They looked upon Yankee Doodle as a greater man than Aguinaldo, for in all the fighting done up to date by the chief a reckless loss of life had resulted; nor had he captured a single battery from the Spaniards.

As they stood up in line in the road, Yankee Doodle told them that the fight had been won by good marksmanship and implicit obedience to orders, and reminded them that continued success depended entirely upon those two things.

As soon as the arms had been deposited by the Spaniards, it was ascertained that their losses amounted to nearly two hundred killed and wounded. When they learned, however, that they had surrendered to an American officer instead of to an insurgent, officers and men alike felt greatly relieved, for they not only entertained feelings of great hatred for the natives, but held them in unbounded contempt also.

After they were all placed under guard Yankee Doodle and Joe, with two companies of Filipinos, entered the fort to take charge of the battery which was the great prize for which they had longed.

They found the four pieces in good condition, with more than one hundred rounds of shot and shell, besides a large amount of ammunition for the Mausers.

As for rations, there were enough to keep a garrison of five hundred for a month.

"Joe, old man," said Yankee Doodle, "I guess this is the best thing that has happened for the insurgents since the war began."

"I guess it is," returned Joe, "but let me tell you that Aguinaldo will want to take this battery away from us."

"I won't let him have it," said Yankee Doodle.

"How are you going to help yourself if he wants to take it?"

"I will spike them before he shall have them."

"The deuce you will."

"Yes, for he hasn't got a man who knows how to handle artillery. I intend to hold on to it because they are worth more in our hands than five regiments would be. You and I both know how to handle these pieces."

"Yes, so we do," assented Joe; "but how are you going to get them across the river?"

That was a poser, for the insurgents had no craft in their possession large enough to ferry the battery over to the other side.

"I won't take it over there," said Yankee Doodle, "so the chief cannot take it if he wishes to."

"Then he will have to send more men over here to help us hold it."

"Yes, so he will, and that pretty soon too, for I think when the news gets to Manila the captain-general will send out a force to recapture it. I guess we are in for some pretty hot work within the next few days. You had better send a note to Aguinaldo telling him what we have done, and ask for more men to help us hold this side of the river. We've got Mausers enough now to arm five hundred more men."

He at once penciled a report of what he had done, and was about to give it into the hands of a courier when the thought struck him that Aguinaldo couldn't read English.

"By George!" said he, "I'm puzzled to know what to do, for I can speak Spanish a great deal better than I can write it."

"Just send a verbal report," said Joe.

"I believe I will," and he called up one of the captains of the regiment who was a bright fellow, and told him he wanted him to take half a dozen men with him and hurry over to Aguinaldo's headquarters, and report to him the capture of the fort, with every man in it who was not killed, together with a battery of four pieces.

The native officer lost no time in getting away, nor did Yankee Doodle waste a minute in manning the fort with half of his regiment, shifting the battery so as to make the pieces bear upon the road instead of the river.

By the time that was done the sergeant and the sharpshooters returned from over the river, and was thanked by Yankee Doodle for the good work he and his men had done in the fight.

The news of the fall of the fort reached Manila at the going down of the sun. It seemed so incredible that the captain-general and his officers would not believe it.

He sent native runners to find out the truth about it and report.

By sunrise the next morning he was in full possession of the facts. In his rage he threatened to shoot every commissioned officer of the garrison as soon as they fell into his hands.

But by noon he had learned that a deadly fire from the tree-tops on both sides of the river had made the fort untenable, and that the garrison fought bravely until nearly one-half their number had fallen.

The fact that American officers were in command of the besieging force caused him to retract his threat of punishment of the officers of the garrison.

Knowing, as he did, that it would be impossible for the victors to transfer the battery to the other side of the river, he at once dispatched a brigade of twenty-five hundred strong to recapture it.

Yankee Doodle expected something of the kind, so

he had his scouts out on the watch to avoid being taken by surprise.

Among other things found in the captured fort were hundreds of picks and shovels with which the breastworks had been built. When he heard that the enemy were advancing he quickly made up his mind to throw up breastworks straight out from the fort up to and across the road, by which means he would be able to prevent the enemy from playing the same game on him that he had played on the garrison.

"We'll have time to do it, sergeant," said he, "for it is a full day's march from the city to this point."

"Time enough," assented the sergeant, "provided we can get those fellows to work."

"They've got to work or be shot," was the reply.

In less than half an hour he had them at work, and they worked willingly, because they had faith in the three Americans. It was, perhaps, the only breastworks that the natives of the Philippines had ever thrown up. They worked like beavers, relieving each other every hour; before the day ended the job was completed.

The artillery was placed in a position to sweep the road and the long level stretch of open ground to the right of it.

While the work was going on, Yankee Doodle took one company and instructed them in the science of working the battery. He put them through the motions of firing and loading, whilst he, the sergeant and Joe, were to do the aiming themselves.

When the sun went down, the Spaniards were within a couple of miles of the fort, and Yankee Doodle expected the attack would be made by moonlight. But the march through the hot hours of the day had forced them to postpone the attack until the next morning.

Then, soon after sunrise, they were seen advancing with their entire force.

"Now, boys," said he to the sergeant and Joe, "we've got a fair whack at them with these guns for a distance of a mile, so pitch in and do your best."

The four pieces were fired with a roar that shook the very earth, but the shells exploded a hundred feet above the heads of the enemy.

"Too high!" exclaimed the sergeant.

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle; "fire away!"

The next shot was still too high, but the pieces of the exploding shells did considerable damage, as was attested by the confusion visible in the enemy's lines.

"A little lower!" sung out Yankee Doodle, and the next round sent four shells plump into them.

"That's it!" he cried. "Just keep that range now, and let 'em have it as fast as you can!"

At the same time he ordered the entire regiment to begin firing with their Mausers and to aim low.

The Spaniards had made the fatal mistake of bringing no artillery with them, as they believed their overwhelming force would cause the insurgents to fall back without making any fight at all. They little dreamed that the Americans in command of them

would be able to make them throw up intrenchments.

They opened fire with their Mausers at a range of nearly three-quarters of a mile, and a perfect hail of bullets fell about the intrenchments. Not an insurgent was hit, however, until after several volleys had been fired, and the difference between the two lines lessened to an eighth of a mile.

During that time Yankee Doodle, Joe and the sergeant had been handling the battery with deadly effect. Shells tore through the ranks of the approaching Spaniards, cutting great gaps through them, but they pushed on, firing as they went, until scarcely one hundred yards intervened between them and the battery.

Then the fire from the intrenchments became so deadly that the whole line recoiled.

"Give it to 'em!" sung out Yankee Doodle, "keep up a steady fire, keep cool and take good aim."

The Spanish officers held their men in line and ordered a charge. They dashed forward with a yell, but the steady fire from the intrenchments was too much for them.

They broke and fled utterly beaten.

They retreated to the city, a confused mass of demoralized soldiers, leaving between four and five hundred of their number dead and wounded on the field.

Yankee Doodle was so elated at the victory that he sprang up on the breastworks and let out three old-fashioned American cheers. The sergeant and Joe joined him, and were followed by a pretty good imitation all along the line of the intrenchments.

"Now, Filipinos!" he called out to the men, "go out there and gather up all the rifles you can find, but don't hurt a single wounded enemy."

They sprang over the breastworks like rabbits going over a log, and sped away to where the ground was strewn with dead and dying Spaniards.

About a dozen remained in the trenches who had been hit by bullets, only two of whom were dead.

"By George, sergeant!" Yankee Doodle exclaimed, "our loss is very slight."

"Yes," was the reply, "the victory will have greater effect upon the Filipinos than upon the Spaniards, for it will show them how to fight and win without losing many men."

"I hope it will," said Yankee Doodle, "and also that it will give us an influence with the native population to enable us to control them, if such a thing becomes necessary in the future. Heretofore the Spaniards have always been able to beat them because of their superiority in arms and discipline, but now they will understand that there is somebody that can lick the Spaniards."

The news of the victory had a wonderful effect in many ways. It alarmed Aguinaldo, on account of the popularity it gave Yankee Doodle among the natives. It disturbed the Spanish authorities in the island to such a degree as to cause the captain-general to send a protest to Admiral Dewey, under a flag of truce, against his sending American officers to organ-

ize and lead the insurgents, as under the agreement that had been made at the solicitation of the foreign consuls, the Americans were not to attack the city as long as the garrison there refrained from attacking them.

"That agreement," replied the admiral, "included only the vessels of the fleet to save the city from bombardment, and had nothing to do with any fight between land forces in the interior."

"Besides," he added, "not a single American officer is with the insurgents so far as I know," and then he inquired of the bearer of the flag of truce if he had heard the name of any Americans being with the insurgents.

"No," was the reply, "but all of Aguinaldo's men are calling themselves 'Yankee Doodle.'"

On hearing that the admiral's dignity was completely upset, he laughed with a heartiness that astonished the Spaniard, to whom he explained that an American youth, not over eighteen years of age, with two companions, was on a visit to the insurgent camp, and he was called Yankee Doodle, because he was an expert in beating that air on the snare drum.

"He is no officer at all," he said, "and is not even an enlisted soldier. Of his two companions, one is another youth, a fifer, and the other a sergeant in the army, he being the only enlisted man in the party. If they were in command, and fought that battle, they have done a thing that redounds greatly to their credit. My agreement with the captain-general not to bombard the city does not concern them in the least, and he is at liberty to push operations against them to his heart's content."

The news reached Madrid, by way of London, that American officers were in command of the insurgent forces, drilling and organizing them for the purpose of placing them on a war footing, so as to use them as allies when the American army should arrive.

From Madrid it was published to the world that a "General Yankee Doodle had superseded Aguinaldo," and fought two battles. When the news reached Washington, by way of the Atlantic cable, the president and his cabinet were considerably puzzled until the Secretary of War reminded them of the drummer boy whom they knew as Yankee Doodle.

Then the entire cabinet roared with laughter. The gaffaw spread all over the nation, and it seemed as though the New York drummer boy was gaining more reputation than any American general.

From one end of the country to the other Yankee Doodle was cheered as a typical representative of young America. But Yankee Doodle himself, ten thousand miles away from home, at the head of his dusky regiment on the banks of the Pasig River, was utterly unconscious of the honor that was being done him on two continents.

The next day after the battle, Aguinaldo, accompanied by a number of his officers, crossed the river and paid him a visit. Yankee Doodle received him with all the respect due him as the chief of the Filipinos,

and showed him the battle-field on which he had so signally defeated the Spaniards.

The chief seemed very much disturbed, as though he really deprecated the incident, instead of rejoicing over it. When he saw the thousand rifles that had been captured in the two fights, and the four pieces of artillery, he remarked that he was very much in need of them.

"Of course," said Yankee Doodle, "you need all the arms you can get, and these are at your service at any time you wish to take them."

"Are you going to hold this position?" Aguinaldo asked.

"That is for you to say," was the reply. "We can hold it just as long as necessary, provided we receive reinforcements."

"You are too far away from the city," said the chief. "You should move down closer and keep up the fight along the line."

"In that case we would lose the artillery," said Yankee Doodle, "for if we plant the battery close to the enemy's lines they would make a sortie in force some night and overwhelm us by force of numbers."

"How is it they failed to do so yesterday?"

"Because of these intrenchments, and we had nearly a day's notice of their approach, which gave us time to prepare for them. If we were within range of their line, they could hurl four, five or six thousand men upon us without five minutes' notice, and wipe us out. Had they sent just one more regiment into the fight against us yesterday, they would have beaten us."

The chief was not satisfied, though he did not say so. But it was plainly shown in every feature. He suggested to Yankee Doodle that he transfer his regiment to the other side of the river, in order that he might co-operate with the main army.

"Do you intend to leave all the territory this side of the river open to the enemy?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Yes, until I am able to take possession of it."

"I think you are making a great mistake, chief."

"I don't think I am," was the reply; "as at present I am engaged in organizing my army and accustoming my soldiers to the fire of the enemy."

"You are losing a hundred men a day by the fire of the enemy, chief; and that, too, with nothing to be gained by it. We won the battle yesterday with a loss of but two men, and about a dozen wounded, capturing at the same time nearly five hundred rifles, with cartridge belts and ammunition; and the effect of it on the Filipinos, who took part in it, is worth more to your cause than all the battles you have fought. So far as I am concerned, I am not willing to lead these brave fellows into places where they are to be shot down, simply for the purpose of teaching them to stand the fire of the enemy. They should be taught how to fight and win without being killed themselves; and that is what I have been trying to do with them. Besides, there is no way of moving the battery across the river that I know of.

"I think we can find boats large enough to move the guns over one at a time," said the chief.

"Very well," said Yankee Doodle, "you will have to appoint somebody else to command the regiment, and if you have any officer with you at present whom you wish to take command, please do so at once."

"I will," said the chief, and he turned to an old Filipino who was well known among the natives as a hard fighter. He had an ugly scar across his left cheek, whilst two fingers had been shot from his left hand.

He called him by name and told him to take command of the regiment, and to select such other officers as he wished to take the places of the other two *Americanos*.

The new colonel stepped forward and asked Yankee Doodle for his sword.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "that is mine, you can't have it. You can take the regiment."

The man looked at Aguinaldo, who remarked:

"Never mind about that, it is his private property."

The chief and his staff then visited the fort, leaving Yankee Doodle, the sergeant and Joe to themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

AGUINALDA IS DEFEATED AND YANKEE DOODLE WINS.

"WHAT do you think of that, sergeant?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"I think it has come much quicker than I expected," was the reply, "but I'll bet my sword the regiment won't have it."

"Well, don't say a word," cautioned Yankee Doodle, "because we'll make ourselves liable to a charge of insubordination."

"Insubordination be blowed!" growled the sergeant; "I've a mind to tell the regiment to throw Aguinaldo and his crowd into the river."

"No," said Yankee Doodle, shaking his head, "don't say a word."

The three walked down the road a distance of quarter of a mile, intending to go down the river and cross over at some point near the old Cavite road.

Joe was speaking of the sudden reverse of fortune that had come to them when the sergeant wheeled around, looked back in the direction of the fort, and saw the entire regiment following them at a double-quick.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, "here they come! I wonder what's up?"

"Wait and see," said Yankee Doodle.

When the Filipinos were within a hundred yards of them, they began yelling:

"Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle!" and a few minutes later they surrounded the three, when the officers commanded them to present arms.

They did so with the celerity of old soldiers.

"Senor Colonel Yankee Doodle," called out one of the captains, "we have told Chief Aguinaldo that we

will serve under no one but you, and we have left him at the fort to follow you wherever you may lead us."

"Good! Good!" exclaimed the sergeant in English, and the next moment the entire regiment yelled:

"Viva Yankee Doodle! Viva Americano!"

"Filipinos!" sung out Yankee Doodle, as soon as quiet was restored, "you must return to the fort and obey the orders of your chief."

"We won't have him!" exclaimed one of the captains; "we are Yankee Doodles!"

"Come back to the fort with me, then," said he, "and let me hear you tell the chief so."

The order was given to About Face! March! and in a few minutes they were again at the fort, where they found Aguinaldo surrounded by his officers looking as calm as a May morning.

"Chief," said Yankee Doodle, "I wish to return to the American army, but not to carry any of your people with me. Why do you let them follow me?"

"They went without orders," replied the chief. "I thought you had them better trained. They refused to recognize my authority."

"I am in no way to blame for that, chief, and I will tell them what their duty is in your presence," and he turned facing the men, and sung out in clear, ringing tones:

"Filipinos, the first duty of a soldier is to obey orders. Chief Aguinaldo is your general, and is fighting the enemies of your country; it is your duty to obey him, and to march and fight wherever and whenever he orders you to do so. He has seen proper to place other officers to command you, and as soldiers it is your duty to obey. I know that you are brave men, because you have twice met and defeated the enemy, and I hope you will do nothing to injure your reputation as such."

With that he turned and saluted the chief again, after which without another word he started down the road followed by the sergeant and Joe.

To his astonishment the entire regiment followed him, yelling:

"Viva Yankee Doodle! Viva Americano!"

The chief in a rage ran forward and planted himself in the middle of the road, ordering them to halt.

The company at the head of the regiment deliberately leveled their Mausers at him. In another minute he and his entire staff would have been slaughtered had not Yankee Doodle sprang forward and planted himself in front of him to shield him.

The old Filipino, however, who had been appointed colonel in his stead was shot almost to pieces. Nearly a hundred bullets passed through his body at a range of forty or fifty feet.

"Filipinos!" sung out Yankee Doodle, "I am ashamed of you." But they cried all the more:

"Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle! Viva Americano!"

Aguinaldo was a man of immense nerve. Not a muscle of his face changed in that hour of tremendous

peril. He stepped out from behind Yankee Doodle, and addressed the regiment, saying:

"Filipinos, Senor Yankee Doodle wishes to return to the American army; why do you wish to stop him?"

"We will go with him," hundreds of them sung out.

The chief coolly turned to Yankee Doodle, and in the presence of the excited Filipinos asked him to remain at the head of the regiment.

"I will do so, chief," he replied, "at your request;" whereupon the Filipinos called out:

"Viva Aguinaldo! Viva Yankee Doodle! Viva Americanos!"

"I await your orders, chief," said Yankee Doodle.

"Very well," returned the chief, "you will hold the fort until further orders," after which he turned away and strode off down the road, followed by his staff.

"Say, sergeant," said Yankee Doodle in a half whisper, "take a company and escort him to the place where he crosses the river; but keep your eyes and ears open."

The sergeant promptly obeyed, and the company of one hundred Filipinos promptly marched away as an escort to the chief and his staff.

"Great Scott!" chuckled Joe as he gazed after them; "I'll bet Aguinaldo is the maddest man in the whole Archipelago."

"Of course he is," assented Yankee Doodle, "and from this day he'll play a treacherous part towards us and the American army."

"Do you really think so?" Joe asked.

"Yes, I am sure of it. He has yielded simply to the force of circumstances."

"He was in a pretty tight place," laughed Joe.

"Yes, and he knew it, too. I saved his life, for which he never even said 'thank you.'"

The regiment was marched back to the fort, and sentinels placed with the strictest instructions not to permit any one to enter the lines under any circumstances except under a guard.

"Joe," said Yankee Doodle, "under no circumstances must we leave the camp unless accompanied by a strong bodyguard, for I do not think that Aguinaldo would hesitate to plot the destruction of all three of us."

"What are you going to do, then?" Joe asked.

"Stay here and drill the men," he replied.

"For what purpose?"

"To make good soldiers of them, for the time is sure to come when General Anderson or the admiral will need them. If Aguinaldo fails to co-operate with them in reducing Manila, we can make sure of this regiment at any rate; and if we can get a thousand more to join us, we have the Mausers on hand with which to arm them."

"I guess Aguinaldo won't let us have them."

"Won't let us have what?"

"The men."

"Oh, he can't stop them from coming to us."

"We will see," was the reply.

In the evening the sergeant returned from escorting Aguinaldo down the river, and was eagerly questioned by Yankee Doodle as to what he heard on the march.

"Not a thing," replied the sergeant. "The chief and his party crossed the river without saying a word to us. I felt very much like slugging him with a bullet."

Two days later about a thousand Filipinos were seen marching up the road towards the fort, all armed with machetes. They were halted by the sentinel, and their leader told them that the chief had sent them to be armed with rifles that had been captured from the enemy.

They were handed out to them very promptly by Yankee Doodle, each one accompanied by a belt full of cartridges. They went into camp on the river bank, and during the night the Yankee Doodles mingled with them with such good effect that the next morning every mother's son of them refused to return down the river when ordered to do so by their leader.

They declared that they wanted to be Yankee Doodles, too, and fight the Spaniards under the leadership of the Americans.

"Great Scott!" said the sergeant, "this thing is growing, pard, and the next thing we know the chief will come over with his whole army and order us to surrender."

"If he does, I shall flatly refuse," said Yankee Doodle, "but I don't believe he would dare do such a thing."

Two days later, however, Aguinaldo crossed the river with three or four thousand natives, and established a camp about half way between Yankee Doodle's position and the city of Manila.

"I tell you, pard," said the sergeant, "he is getting ready to attack us, for he is not the man to have his authority disputed."

"I have not disputed his authority," said Yankee Doodle.

"No, but the regiment has."

"Wrong again. They simply refused to obey his orders, or rather to serve under other officers. He reinstated us in command in their presence, and hanged, if I don't blow him into eternity if he tries any of his monkey business on me."

Two days later the entire force was startled by the roar of artillery and the rattle of small arms down the road.

"I'll bet my head," exclaimed Yankee Doodle, "that the Spaniards have jumped on Aguinaldo."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the sergeant, "if they have they'll lick him, for they have artillery, and I'll wager he hasn't thrown up a hatful of dirt in the way of intrenchments."

The battle raged for nearly an hour, when a confused mass of flying natives was seen down the road coming towards the fort.

"Just as I expected," said Yankee Doodle; "the

Spaniards have scattered them, and the next thing we know they will run up against us."

He instantly issued orders to the captains in the fort and behind the intrenchments to hold their men steady and tell the fugitives to take position in the woods on the right.

The fugitives came in a great disorderly crowd, many wounded and all nearly exhausted from the retreat of five miles under a blazing sun.

Pretty soon the Spaniards appeared in sight with a battery of flying artillery. They immediately unlimbered and opened fire on Yankee Doodle's position.

The sergeant, who was in command of the battery, returned the fire, and the first shell exploded right under one of the Spaniard's guns, dismounting it, and killing and wounding nearly a score of artillerymen.

"Good! Good!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle. "That is the best shot I ever saw, sergeant."

In the next round another gun was disabled, and several men and horses knocked out.

That taught the enemy a lesson, and they stopped and deployed in line of battle with a force that looked like four or five thousand men.

"We are in for it, Joe," said Yankee Doodle. "There's a big crowd of them."

"That's all right," replied Joe; "we'll knock the stuffing out of them, for they can't get over these earthworks."

Flushed with victory, the Spaniards rushed on, with the expectation of sweeping the Filipinos into the river. For about twenty minutes a fierce battle raged, and the whole front line of the assailants was mowed down by the men behind the breastworks.

Twenty minutes of that sort of thing was enough to convince them that they had run up against a snag. They retreated nearly a mile, to the utter astonishment of Aguinaldo's men, who had fled before them.

They became frantic with joy, and wanted to pursue. It took all the influence that the three Americans could bring to bear, to keep them from doing so.

Half an hour later the Spaniards had reformed and moved to assault the works a second time.

"Steady, now, Filipinos," called out Yankee Doodle. "Don't fire a shot without orders, and when you get the order to fire aim low."

The order was not given until the enemy was within three hundred yards of the earthworks. Then the artillery, with two thousand Mausers, let loose in a terrific roar. Nearly a thousand more rifles in the hands of Aguinaldo's men up in the woods began firing also.

The Spaniards advanced rapidly, firing as they came, until they were within one hundred yards of the intrenchments. Then so destructive was the fire of the Yankee Doodles that they broke and fled.

The Mausers and the battery kept pelting them until they were out of sight, but not a man of Yankee

Doodle's command was permitted to go over the breastworks in pursuit.

Not a moment during the fight was there any disorder in his ranks. The repulse was complete, and over five or six hundred rifles, with as many dead and wounded Spaniards, were found on the field when men were sent out to gather them up.

"Where is Aguinaldo?" Yankee Doodle asked.

No one knew, and he sent men to mingle with the fugitive Filipinos to make inquiry concerning him.

They soon came back with the report that as soon as Aguinaldo saw that his force was defeated he plunged into the river and swam to the other side.

"I hope he escaped," said Yankee Doodle, "for I would like very much to meet him again."

"So would I," said the sergeant, with a chuckle.

The dead were buried where they fell on the field, and the wounded conveyed to the woods, where they were treated as well as it was possible for them to be under the circumstances.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BREAK WITH AGUINALDO—THE SERGEANT'S BLOOD IS UP.

ON learning that Aguinaldo had escaped by swimming the river, Yankee Doodle sent a company under the leadership of an insurgent captain in search of him, with instructions to report to him all the particulars of the third battle he had fought.

"Tell him," said he to the captain, "that his men are here, and are consuming the rations which were captured with the fort; that if he wishes to do so, he can come and take command of the entire army, or have his men sent across the river to him."

The captain marched away with his company, and a few miles below the fort crossed over to the other side of the river. He had gone but an hour or two when Aguinaldo himself appeared at the fort, crossing the river at that point, accompanied by only two of his officers.

"Hello!" exclaimed the sergeant, who was the first to recognize him as he was being rowed across the stream. "It is the chief himself."

"The deuce you say!" said Yankee Doodle, and a glance convinced him that the sergeant was right.

He received the chief with all the honor due his rank, and ordered a salute fired from the battery the moment he sprang out of the boat. The chief grasped his hand and shook it warmly, saying:

"I am glad to see you, Senor Colonel, and I congratulate you on the victory you have won. You were more fortunate than I in that you had artillery and breastworks."

"Thank you, chief; we did the best we could. It is a mistake to pit undisciplined soldiers against trained veterans, and it is a thing that I would never do."

As the two shook hands a few Filipinos cheered for the chief, but where one did so fifty cheered for Yankee Doodle and the Americanos. The chief's eyes flashed with indignation, but he made no comment.

"Your men are all here, chief," said Yankee

Doodle, "except those who fell in the fight. Many of them are wounded, and are being cared for in the woods by their comrades."

The chief thanked him again, and asked how many Mausers had been picked up on the battlefield.

"Several hundreds of them," was the reply.

"What have you done with them?"

"I have given them to those of your men who were without fire-arms."

"That was right," returned the chief, and then, accompanied by Yankee Doodle, the sergeant and Joe he paid a visit to his men who were encamped in the woods. But everywhere he went the Filipinos paid more attention to the young American than to their acknowledged chief. The latter appeared not to notice it, but the sergeant and Joe kept their eyes on him all the time, and saw that he was inwardly consumed with envy and anger.

There were about three thousand of Aguinaldo's men in the woods, whilst about two thousand belonged to Yankee Doodle's two regiments in the fort and the intrenchments. Of the three thousand unorganized natives, several hundred remained yet without fire-arms.

"Chief," said Yankee Doodle, "if the Spaniards would come out and attack us again, we might capture Mausers enough to arm the balance of your men."

"Yes," was the reply, "but they won't come out."

"I agree with you," assented Yankee Doodle, "for I think they are satisfied that this is an unlucky place for them."

"We must make it unlucky for them everywhere," remarked the chief.

"We can if we are prudent."

"We must be prudent," the chief said. "We must move down nearer the city, and tempt them to come out and attack us."

"That's the idea," said Yankee Doodle, "for the party who is attacked always has the advantage."

Yankee Doodle gave up his quarters to the chief, whom he treated with all the respect due to his rank, and spent most of his time going among the men of his regiment, speaking to them kindly, and telling them they had won the victory by obedience to orders and shooting to kill.

The Filipinos almost worshiped him, for he saw to it that rations were issued to them at regular intervals, and that his order and system worked great comfort to them.

They claimed great superiority over the rest of the army, because they were "Yankee Doodles," whilst the others were simply plain Filipinos.

A couple of days passed, during which time Aguinaldo attempted to form his men into companies and regiments just as Yankee Doodle had done. On the third day he issued orders that the entire command should move down in the vicinity of the city, where he proposed to extend his line so as to completely invest it.

Yankee Doodle ordered his two regiments to march,

and himself took command of the battery. When they were within a couple of miles of the Spanish line of intrenchments, they halted and went into camp.

Yankee Doodle took up a position on the extreme right, and Aguinaldo commanded the center.

Before sunrise they had thrown up nearly five hundred yards of intrenchments, whilst Aguinaldo in the center quietly slept. As soon as the chief heard that the intrenchments had been thrown up, he hastened to Yankee Doodle to inquire why he had fortified a place two miles away from the enemy.

"I did it as a matter of precaution," replied Yankee Doodle, "because we never know what the enemy will do. If they had attacked us this morning, we would have been ready for them, whilst you would have been defeated."

"But you did it without orders," remarked the chief.

"Indeed I did not."

The chief looked at him inquiringly, and remarked:

"I certainly gave you no orders to do so."

"I beg your pardon," returned Yankee Doodle; "you told me to hold the right wing, and to make sure that I would be able to do so, I set the men to work with pick and spade. Had I not done so I would have been a very poor soldier indeed."

That was a slap at Aguinaldo that caused him to wince.

"You see, chief," added Yankee Doodle, "I am an American soldier, not a Filipino."

The chief laughed, and remarked that he was the only man he ever knew who could make the Filipinos work.

"They are fast learning," was the reply, "the great truth that it is work that brings success. In a successful campaign actual fighting is the least work that soldiers have to do. When the captain-general in Manila finds out that the city is entirely surrounded by a long line of intrenchments, defended by Filipinos, he will soon come to the conclusion that he is in a hole from which there is no escape. He will think twice before he hurls his army against breastworks defended by determined men."

"If the admiral would release me from my promise we could take the city in a single day."

"I doubt it, chief," said Yankee Doodle, shaking his head, "for you must remember that the Spaniards themselves are strongly fortified, and have many batteries of artillery. You would send thousands of your men to death without breaking their lines anywhere. The admiral will not release you from your promise, for were he to do so the powers of Europe would interfere to prevent the city from falling into your hands."

"Do they not intend to let my people have anything to say about what should be done with their own country?" the chief asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Yankee Doodle, "but they do not intend to let a great city like Manila fall into the hands of an army without discipline or organization. The truth is, chief, none of them believe that you

could prevent your people from looting the city should it fall into their hands. The admiral has confidence in you, and rejoices over the success of your arms so far, and when the foreign consuls have protested to him that you might rush in and capture it anyhow, he has replied to them all that you are a man of your word, and that he relies upon your promise. He has even assured the President of the United States that he runs no risk in the trust he reposes in you."

That seemed to satisfy the chief, as it touched the vanity that was dominant in his mental make-up.

"We must move up closer to the Spanish line," said the chief.

"Very well, I am ready to do so at any time."

"Don't you think it is right to do so?" the chief asked.

"No, I don't. If you want my opinion as to what is best to be done, I will give it to you."

"Do so then," said the chief.

"Well, then, it is this: You should dig a line of intrenchments all the way around the city, about the distance that we are now from the Spanish line, so as to have some protection for your men when attacked by the enemy. Then whenever they come out you can beat them back. In the meantime you can be recruiting your army and organizing them into companies, regiments and brigades, whilst you will have the entire country behind you from which to draw supplies for your soldiers. It is only a question of time when that would bring about such a scarcity of food in the city as to starve the Spaniards into surrender."

The chief returned to the center of the line, and a couple of days passed without Yankee Doodle hearing from him again; but not a pick or shovel was raised save to dig graves to bury Filipinos who were killed in the desultory firing that was kept up.

On the third day the Spaniards made a sortie from the city, and scattered the center to the four winds. They drove Aguinaldo nearly three miles from his position, after which they turned and struck Yankee Doodle's position in the flank. It was a hard fight, but they were repulsed with heavy loss, and retired to the city late in the afternoon.

The next day Aguinaldo sent a courier to Yankee Doodle, ordering him and the sergeant and Joe to come to him at his headquarters.

"What does he want?" Yankee Doodle asked of the courier.

"I don't know, senor."

"What do you think of it, sergeant?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"I wouldn't go," was the reply, "unless accompanied by a very strong escort, for I don't believe we would be safe otherwise."

"I can't understand why he sent for all three of us, unless it is for the purpose of getting rid of us."

"That's just what he intends to do," remarked Joe. "I think we had better take about three hundred men with us as a guarantee of safety."

Yankee Doodle immediately called for the oldest

captain in the line and placed him in command until he should return, after which he ordered three companies out and marched away through the woods in the direction of the chief's headquarters some four or five miles away.

The chief was very much astonished, as well as angry at his bringing so many men with him, thus weakening his position on the right.

"We are all right out there, chief," said Yankee Doodle. "The weakest spot in your lines is here in the center, for the enemy could make no impression on us at all."

"Why did you not come to our assistance yesterday, and strike the enemy in the rear?" the chief asked.

"Because you ordered me to hold the right," he replied, "and I did so;" all of which was true. Yet the chief insisted that it was his duty to have closed in on the enemy and strike him in the rear when the attack was made.

"That would have left your right entirely exposed," explained Yankee Doodle, "while another force of the enemy could have closed in on us and got us between two fires. I am too good a soldier to commit such a blunder."

"It seems," remarked the chief very coldly, "that instead of obeying orders you followed your own judgment entirely and acted independently of the rest of the army. It is my wish that you return to the admiral and stay there, and I will furnish you with a sufficient escort to enable you to do so."

"Thank you, chief," said Yankee Doodle, "I have three companies of my regiment with us, and they will be all the escort I need."

"They are entirely too many," remarked the chief. "One company is sufficient."

"So it is," said Yankee Doodle. "I shall return to them, and tell them so."

He turned and left the chief, rejoined the three companies, where he told the sergeant and Joe that all three of them had been dismissed by Aguinaldo, and that one company would be allowed to escort them back to Cavite.

"What in thunder is the matter with him?" Joe asked.

"He is mad because we didn't close in on the Spaniards yesterday when they licked him."

"All right," remarked the sergeant. "They'll lick the stuffing out of him when we go away."

Yankee Doodle then told him to tell the men in the three companies that they were to part company, and that he, the sergeant and Joe would return to Cavite, while one company was to accompany them as far as the lines.

Instantly every man declared they would accompany him, stay with him, and fight with him.

"The chief will let but one company go," explained Yankee Doodle.

"We will all go," they cried out.

"Very well, then," he returned, "we will start at

once," and the order to march was given by the sergeant.

They had not gone a hundred yards before Aguinaldo, accompanied by his staff, and followed by several hundred Filipinos, overtook them and ordered a halt, angrily exclaiming:

"I will have you shot for insubordination!"

"See here, chief," exclaimed the sergeant, laying a hand on his revolver, "you keep quiet now, or I'll fill you full of lead!"

"What's that?" Aguinaldo exclaimed.

"I say keep quiet and behave yourself, or I'll kill you. You are nothing but a bronzed, flabbergasted galoot who was born under the Spanish flag, educated by Spanish teachers, and have all the characteristics of a sniveling Spaniard. I have three hundred riflemen behind my back, and if you carry this farce any farther I will have every man of you shot to death. You are dealing with Americans, not Spaniards or Filipinos. Now stand aside and let us pass."

Everybody stepped out of the way except Aguinaldo. He stood there glaring at the sergeant with his hand on the hilt of his sword.

The sergeant's blood was up. The next moment he seized the chief by the collar and hurled him about fifteen feet into a group of his officers, where three or four of them fell in a heap.

The chief was so utterly astounded at the American's nerve that he never uttered a word when he scrambled to his feet. He was completely surrounded by his officers, who hurriedly led him away for fear the exasperated sergeant would order his men to fire.

The sergeant then ordered the three companies to "Forward, march!" and they moved off with a firm step, admiring more than ever the pluck of the three Americanos.

"By George!" exclaimed the sergeant, "I have a mind to turn back and bring the battery and the two regiments with us."

"Say," said Joe, "why not turn back, arrest Aguinaldo, and take charge of the whole business?"

"No, no," said Yankee Doodle, shaking his head; "that wouldn't do, for we don't know to what extent the Filipinos would back us. The men we have left behind us will make it hot enough for him."

They marched steadily along through the great forest, where the underbrush had been cut away by machetes, and finally struck a trail that led to the old Cavite road, at the village where they had spent the night with Aguinaldo on the occasion of his visit to the admiral.

Their presence created the wildest excitement among the villagers, as they apprehended the fighting would be transferred from the north to the south side of the city.

Yankee Doodle and the sergeant quieted their fears by telling them they were simply on their way to Cavite, and had no intention of bringing about any actual hostilities in that vicinity.

As night was close at hand he resolved to camp there. He put out a double line of sentinels all around

the village. But the night passed without anything occurring to disturb them. Early the next morning, however, the news came to them that a squadron of Spanish horse was approaching the village at a rapid speed.

CHAPTER X.

THE ARRIVAL AT CAVITE—THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN POSITION.

YANKEE DOODLE held a hurried consultation with the sergeant, and Joe as to whether or not they would wait and fight it out with the Spanish cavalry or continue their march in the direction of Cavite.

"Oh, let's give 'em a fight," said the sergeant, "because it will prove to the Filipinos that we are still their friends in spite of Aguinaldo."

"That's it," said Joe, "for if the chief should tell them that he had sent us away because we were not their true friends, the fight would convince them he was lying."

"All right," said Yankee Doodle; "we'll get into the heavy timber up there on the north side of the village and wait for them. I would like to capture all their horses if possible, so we could ride into the camp at Cavite and make a present of them to General Anderson."

They hurriedly marched out of the village, going up the road in the direction of Manila about half a mile. There they took position in two places in the woods, so as to get the enemy between two fires.

They were instructed to pick off the riders and avoid hitting the horses.

The Spaniards soon appeared, about two hundred and fifty in number, and seemed to be utterly unconscious of the proximity of any foe. They were permitted to pass unmolested so as to get the entire force between them and the village.

There was no way in that locality for cavalry to travel except in the road, in which they would have to keep on in the direction of Cavite or else turn back and attempt to cut their way through to return to their line.

When the order was given to fire the rear of the cavalry was scarcely fifty yards away. The volley did frightful execution, and, as Yankee Doodle expected and hoped, their officers wheeled and ordered the men to charge back.

They obeyed with the promptness of trained soldiers; but the deadly fire from the unseen foe in the woods was too much for them. They stood it for about twenty minutes, and then retreated to the village leaving nearly a third of their number lying in the road, with between seventy-five and a hundred riderless horses.

The horses were immediately secured, after which Yankee Doodle moved down towards the village, where he found the Spaniards had dismounted and taken refuge in the houses.

All their horses were immediately captured.

"By George, sergeant," said Yankee Doodle, "did

you ever see such luck. We've got about two hundred and fifty horses, and haven't lost a man."

"It's the biggest sort of luck," said the sergeant, "and as we cannot dislodge those fellows from the houses in the village without endangering the lives of women and children we had better let them alone."

"I think so, too," he assented, "so we will mount our men and ride on down to Cavite. I am sorry, though, that we couldn't get about fifty more horses, as that many of our men will still be on foot."

"Oh, they can take turns at riding," laughed Joe, who had secured a splendid iron-gray horse for himself.

They marched by the village, leaving the Spaniards who had survived the fight in quiet possession of the houses in which they had taken refuge. The latter, however, were in such a rage over the trick that had been played them, they marched out of the houses and gazed at the cloud of dust raised by their lost horses on the great highway leading to Cavite. They were in no condition to pursue, so they returned to the spot where they had been ambushed, buried their dead and removed their wounded into the houses in the village. At the same time they sent couriers back to their line to tell the story of the disaster that had befallen them.

A considerable body of Spanish troops were sent down to the village to escort the dismounted cavalrymen back, and, singular to relate, they failed to hold the village responsible for what Yankee Doodle and the Filipinos had done. They conveyed their wounded back to the lines, and were not molested in doing so.

In the meantime Yankee Doodle proceeded on his way down to Cavite, reaching the picket line in the middle of the afternoon. At first the pickets were under the impression that they were Spanish cavalry, as they had never heard of any mounted Filipinos anywhere on the island.

It so happened, however, that the officer in command of the picket line knew Yankee Doodle and Joe.

"What's up?" he asked of Yankee Doodle.

"I have returned to camp," was the reply, "and these natives are simply my escort. We started on foot this morning, but about two hundred and fifty Spanish cavalry run into us, with the result of losing all their horses and about seventy-five or eighty men killed and wounded."

"The deuce you say!" exclaimed the officer.

"Yes," laughed Yankee Doodle, "and I want to make a present of these horses to the general."

"It's a fine present," remarked the officer, "and I guess the general will be mighty glad to get them. But what are you going to do with the Filipinos?"

"That I don't know until I see the general, for I don't believe the men want to go back. In fact, they have said they won't go."

"Then you'll have to see the general," remarked the officer, "and they will all have to remain where they are until I receive orders what to do with them."

You had better go forward yourself and report to the general."

"All right, I will do so," and leaving the sergeant and Joe in command of the Filipinos, Yankee Doodle rode forward to the headquarters of the general to whom he reported, giving a full detail of his adventures since leaving the camp.

"Well, well, well!" ejaculated the general; "we heard that all of Aguinaldo's men were claiming to be 'Yankee Doodles,' and were greatly puzzled to know what it meant."

"Yes," laughed Phil, "they took the name away from me, and the two regiments now form the flower, if not the aristocracy, of the insurgent forces."

"You've done splendid work," remarked the general, "and I am sorry you did not bring the battery with you as well as the horses. We are more in need, though, of horseflesh than anything else which you have supplied just in the nick of time. I shall see to it that the Secretary of War is placed in possession of all the facts, and commend you to his consideration."

"Thank you, general," said Yankee Doodle; "you can have the three hundred Filipinos as well as the horses, for they have all sworn that they will not go back, or serve under anybody but the sergeant, Joe and myself."

"Is that so?" the general asked.

"It is true, general, and I think they can render good service if you will supply them with rations and leave me to manage them."

"I hardly know what to decide," remarked the general, "but I will have them conducted inside the lines and let them go into camp for the night. I fear, though, that it will give offense to Aguinaldo, and bring about a breach that I wish to avoid, although he has been behaving in a way that I am very far from being pleased with."

Accompanied by a staff officer, Yankee Doodle returned to the picket line, and conducted the Filipinos to a place where they were permitted to camp for the night.

The Filipinos were evidently quite uneasy for fear that Yankee Doodle would be taken away from them, but he procured a tent and remained with them, to let them know that he intended to stand by them. During the night fully half a hundred American officers visited him at his tent to hear the story of his adventures told by himself, Joe and the sergeant.

It seemed almost incredible to many of them that the two boys and the sergeant should have gone into the camp of the Filipinos, and inside of two weeks organized a regiment with which they fought and won four pitched battles. Several of the officers who understood Spanish questioned the natives, only to find the story confirmed in every particular.

"It sounds like a romance," remarked an officer, "and if the story is properly written up it will give the three a reputation in America second to no general in the army."

The principal topic, though, of conversation was

Aguinaldo, the head of the insurrection, and the result of Yankee Doodle's break with him became a matter of widespread speculation.

Early the next morning the general sent for Yankee Doodle to report at his quarters, and he hastened to do so without a moment's delay. Before he reached there he noticed a great commotion among the American soldiers, many of whom were throwing up their hats and cheering.

"What's up, boys?" he asked of some of them.

"Good news!" they cried. "The second expedition has arrived, and the transports are now coming up the bay."

"Hail Columbia!" he exclaimed. "Now we will go at those Spaniards, smash 'em, and take Manila," and he hurried forward in the highest spirits to the headquarters of the general.

When he reported to the general, he found that the latter wished to question him further about the attitude of Aguinaldo.

"General," said he, "I think it is nothing more than jealousy on Aguinaldo's part, on account of the two regiments I organized, refusing to serve under anybody but myself. He seems to be apprehensive that I would take his army away from him. I am satisfied that he intends to make trouble by setting up a government of his own, with himself at the head of it. He is very ambitious, and as chock full of selfish vanity as an egg is of meat. Since the destruction of the Spanish fleet, the Spanish forces in Manila have not been able to head off the insurgents with their usual vigor, hence Aguinaldo has been able to capture many detachments and little outposts. His success has given him the big head to such a degree, that he is utterly unable to see that it is the moral influence of the situation at Manila that has enabled him to accomplish all that he has. The sergeant wanted to knock him over, and had I permitted him to do so it would have simplified matters very much, as I am satisfied he intends to make trouble."

"That's what I fear," remarked the general; "I want you to go on board the flag-ship and repeat to the admiral what you have said to me."

He had scarcely ceased talking with Yankee Doodle when the booming of guns from the vessels of the fleet told that the transports and war-ships that had convoyed them across the Pacific, were being saluted. It was impossible for them to go on board the flag-ship that day, on account of the ceremony of receiving the captains of the convoying vessels by the commodore, and General Merritt on shore by the land forces; so he instructed Yankee Doodle to return to the Filipinos and keep them in their camp until further orders.

He did so, and the ceremony of receiving General Merritt was proceeded with by General Anderson and his staff. He repeated to the sergeant and Joe the conversation between himself and General Anderson, and told him that the question as to the disposition of the three hundred Filipinos would have to be decided by General Merritt.

"Now see here," said Joe, "we ought to let the poor fellows take a hand in welcoming the commander-in-chief, so as to make a good impression. It may be by so doing the general would appoint us permanently to command them, and incorporate them into the service."

"That's so," said the sergeant. "It may be the means of getting us commissioned."

"All right," laughed Yankee Doodle; "I am perfectly willing to be commissioned by Uncle Sam, and if General Merritt will sanction it, we'll go back and get the two regiments. But I don't believe that he will, as it will be his policy to conciliate Aguinaldo instead of making an enemy of him."

The day was spent in landing the newly-arrived soldiers from the transports, and that night Yankee Doodle was ordered to report to General Merritt at his headquarters. He was introduced by General Anderson, who had already told the general the story of his adventures.

General Merritt had been many years in the regular army, and was a stern old soldier in every sense of the word. No man better appreciated soldierly qualities than he, yet when he shook hands with Yankee Doodle he laughed heartily, remarking:

"Young man, you have the making of a good soldier in you, as from what I have been told, your courage is only equalled by your cheek."

Yankee Doodle himself laughed, and replied:

"It was a case, general, where cheek had to take precedence, and hence I brought it to bear."

"Quite right," returned the general, "for I never heard of as much cheek in all my life. At the same time I wish to thank you for using it as you did. I want you to return to your Filipinos and persuade them to return to Aguinaldo, and say to him and to all their comrades that the Americans are their friends first, last and all the time, provided their conduct entitles them to such friendship."

"General," said Yankee Doodle, "they desire to enlist under the Stars and Stripes."

"So I understand; but they have already enlisted under Aguinaldo. Hence it is impossible for them to be received into the American army without his consent; otherwise we would be harboring deserters from him."

The truth instantly flashed through Yankee Doodle's mind that the general was right, and that the Filipinos must go back.

He returned to the little camp and told the sergeant and Joe what the general had said.

"That settles it," commented the general, "but I think we will have trouble in getting them to go back."

"Oh, we will have to be diplomatic," said Yankee Doodle; "we must tell them to make their way back to the Yankee Doodles and talk with the officers and men of the two regiments, and persuade them to ask Aguinaldo in a body to send them to the American camp to assist in the great fight for the capture of Manila."

"It's easy enough to tell them that," said the sergeant, shaking his head, "but I doubt that they will care to go without you at their head."

"Well, we'll try it anyhow," said Yankee Doodle, and the captains and lieutenants were called in for consultation.

They were made to understand that the American general would not take them into his army without Aguinaldo's consent, and that they must return to the regiment for the purpose of inducing the other companies to demand of Aguinaldo that his consent be given.

They very readily agreed to it, but it took them an entire day to persuade the three companies to agree to it. Not until Yankee Doodle, Joe and the sergeant went through the ranks and talked with them personally did they consent to go quietly. It was very evident, however, that if Aguinaldo did not consent they would make a deal of trouble for him.

The three men took leave of them, and they marched away with a grim determination to return whether the chief was willing or not.

"I am sorry to see them go," said Yankee Doodle, as they disappeared beyond the picket line, "for it is our last chance for a commission."

"Oh, I don't know," said the sergeant, "there will have to be a deal made with Aguinaldo for co-operation in the attack on the city, and as we have had a good deal of experience with the natives, we may yet have a chance to have a hand in it."

"You forget, sergeant," laughed Yankee Doodle, "that you laid violent hands on the sacred person of Aguinaldo, for which he will never forgive you."

"Maybe so," was the reply, "I am only sorry I didn't break his neck, for had I done so we could probably have assumed command of the entire insurgent force."

The very next day after the arrival of General Merritt and the second expedition, the American lines were advanced up the Cavite road in the direction of Malate, which the Spaniards had strongly fortified.

It was the first move made by the American land forces, and it told the Spaniards that the attack would soon begin. With the energy of all American officers a line of earthworks was thrown up from the shores of the bay out towards the old Cavite road, and across that until it struck the end of the insurgent line.

As soon as the intrenchments were finished two American regiments and a battery from California were placed in the trenches to hold the line.

The Spaniards remained behind their own breastworks some three-quarters of a mile away, watching the movements of the Americans. In the meantime efforts were made to reach Aguinaldo by means of native messengers. Nearly a dozen were sent at as many different times, bearing urgent invitations from General Merritt for the chief to meet him for consultation.

Not one of the messengers ever returned, and the

general never knew that they ever reached him, as no answer came back from Aguinaldo.

Days and nights passed, and the American troops remained in the trenches quietly waiting for orders to begin the fight.

Several times Yankee Doodle was questioned by the general about the topography of the country around the city, the strength of the insurgents and the value of their probable assistance in battle.

He told the general that in the fight he had participated in the Filipinos fought splendidly, because he had managed to hold them well in hand through the confidence they reposed in him.

"But they are a people who are easily led," he continued, "and it is possible that Aguinaldo may have succeeded in instilling in their minds a distrust of the Americans."

Several days more passed and on Sunday of July 31st, the entire left wing of the insurgent army abandoned their position, thus leaving the right of the American position unprotected.

On inquiry it was learned, from straggling natives, that it was a great feast day among the Filipinos, and that they were celebrating it with all the fervor of religious superstition.

As the day waned the sky became overcast, and the wind blew through the forest with a roar that was not unlike the sea in a storm. When the sun went down the wind had increased to such a velocity that a great tropical storm, known in those latitudes as a typhoon was on. The rain came down in torrents, until the trench in which the American soldiers stood was filled with water to the depth of two to three feet.

It was impossible for the men to shelter themselves from the merciless pelting of the watery downpour. While they were quietly enduring it pickets on the extreme right heard noises that they knew were not caused by the elements.

They challenged, but received no response. A flash of lightning, however, revealed to them a long line of Spanish infantry charging down along the road in the direction of the spot that had been vacated by the insurgents that day.

The sentinels immediately fired and retreated to their intrenchments. They had scarcely reached the breastworks when a volley of more than a thousand Mausers thundered above the roar of the storm.

The Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment was manning the earthworks as far as they extended on the right, and they instantly returned the fire. The battle was on.

The surprise was complete, for not a man or officer of the American army was looking for a fight in the midst of such a storm. Volley after volley was exchanged with marvelous rapidity, both sides firing at the flashes of each other's guns.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

THE battle was, perhaps, one of the most remarkable in the history of modern times, for it was fought in a raging typhoon, when vivid flashes of lightning illumined the scene, and the peals of thunder far exceeded that of the artillery of both sides. Between the flashes of lightning intense darkness prevailed, and only the flash of the guns revealed the position of the combatants.

Yet, strange to say, more deadly volleys were never fired in broad daylight. True, the Americans were protected by the earthworks they had thrown up, yet many were hit by the Mauser bullets.

The Spaniards pressed on, and each flash of lightning revealed the fact to the Americans that they were closer every time they were seen.

It soon became evident that the rapid firing would exhaust the supply of ammunition in the trench, and orders were sent back to the camp at Cavite to hurry up a fresh supply.

Yankee Doodle, Joe and the sergeant, not dreaming of the attack, were reposing in the shelter of their tent when the rattle of the volleys was borne to them on the fierce wind of the storm. The men were hastily called out and rallied in the tremendous downpour of rain. In an instant every man was drenched to the skin. It mattered not, however, as every cartridge in their belts was waterproof.

Yankee Doodle, Joe and the sergeant, hurriedly reported for duty, but were not assigned until the order came back for more ammunition. Then they were told to assist in getting a supply to the men in the trenches.

They sprang to the task, and each one was given charge of a cart and mule, with which they dashed off towards the lines, guided only by the flashes of lightning.

On the way they met couriers dashing back with orders, who reported that the men in the trenches were being cut to pieces by the Spaniards. Nothing daunted, however, they pushed forward until they were in range of the bullets, which flew over the heads of the men who were holding the breastworks.

When within fifty yards of the line, Yankee Doodle saw, during the vivid flashes of lightning, that the Spaniards were actually on top of the breastworks out on the extreme right, and that the Americans in the trench a few feet below, were engaged in an almost hand-to-hand combat with them.

Suddenly the mule he was driving at a breakneck speed came to a sudden halt, and tried to wheel around. In another moment he sank down between the shafts. He had been hit by a Mauser bullet, and his day of usefulness was over.

Without a moment's hesitation Yankee Doodle sprang to the ground, cut the harness that held the dying mule to the shafts, pulled the cart away and dashed forward on foot, dragging it after him. He was the first to reach the intrenchments with a fresh supply of ammunition.

"Here are your cartridges, boys!" he sung out, bursting open the boxes and handing them out to the men, who received them with cheers.

At the same moment the riflemen of a California battery dashed up to the support of the extreme right, and poured a deadly volley into the Spaniards, who were actually on top of the breastworks.

Other reinforcements came up a few minutes later, and the fight became perfectly furious. But the Americans, though outnumbered nearly four to one, never gave way an inch. Some of the Spaniards actually fell over inside the ditch, which was more than half filled with water.

As soon as the ammunition was distributed Yankee Doodle seized a rifle and joined in the fight. The sergeant and Joe did likewise further down the line, where they remained until the enemy retreated.

The Spaniards, after a terrible loss of life, were forced back, leaving the ground in the immediate front of the breastworks covered with dead and wounded.

Still the storm raged with appalling fury. The peals of thunder shook the earth, beside which the roar of the artillery sounded like so many firecrackers in comparison.

The dead and wounded Americans were removed from the trenches, now nearly filled with water. In several instances the wounded came near being drowned. They were borne back to the camp in the pelting storm, and placed under the shelter of tents.

In the meantime other regiments took the place of those who had withstood the brunt of the fight, and the line was otherwise strengthened. It was then remarked by the officers, as well as the soldiers, that not a gun had been fired by the insurgents. The entire left wing of Aguinaldo's forces had been withdrawn, leaving the American right uncovered.

It had been noticed by the Americans that afternoon, and that they had been engaged in celebrating one of their numerous feast days; but in view of what had taken place, the suspicion flashed through the mind of every American that a treacherous game of some kind had been played by the insurgent leader, as the Spaniards had moved through the undefended part of the insurgent line with the intention of turning the right flank of the Americans. Nothing but the desperate valor of the latter saved them from a disastrous defeat.

All through the night the men in the trenches commented bitterly on the conduct of Aguinaldo, and nothing could make them believe that the attack of the Spaniards was not the result of an understanding between him and them.

When day dawned the Americans were enabled to see more clearly the terrible danger to which they had been exposed, and wondered that they had not been entirely wiped out.

Again General Merritt sent for Yankee Doodle, and his course of inquiry satisfied the youth that he, too, suspected treachery on the part of the insurgent leader. From that moment every order was issued

with the evident expectation of no further assistance or co-operation from that source. The few Spanish prisoners captured in the fight were men who knew nothing at all about the situation, hence they could throw no light upon it. They did, however, express astonishment at the tremendous fighting qualities of the American soldiers, for they fully expected to have a walkover after one or two volleys. They themselves had little idea of the extent of their losses.

The British consul, at the request of the representatives of the other foreign powers in the city, came out to the American camp to find out whether or not a general assault was to be made. He reported to General Merritt that Spanish officers had admitted that their losses in the fight amounted to more than a thousand killed and wounded.

When told that the American loss was about fifteen killed and sixty wounded he could scarcely believe it. He was assured by the general, however, that such was the case.

"It is remarkable," said the consul. "You are as fortunate on land as on the water, for the Spanish fleet was sunk without the loss of a man on your side, and now this fight seems to be another example of your good fortune."

"Our good fortune," returned the general, "lies in the discipline and valor of American soldiers and seamen."

The consul then bluntly asked the general if it would interfere with his plans in letting him know whether or not he intended to assault the city, as all the foreign residents were in a state of suspense almost unendurable.

"You can say to them," returned the general, "that we intend to push the fight until the city surrenders. If it becomes necessary we will take it by assault."

"But will the fleet bombard the city?" the consul asked.

"No," was the reply, "unless the enemy takes refuge in the houses and keeps up the fight in the streets."

"In that case," returned the consul, "the city would be almost destroyed and thousands of non-combatants killed."

"Very likely," dryly returned the general. "It can be averted only by the Spaniards giving up the fight."

The consul returned to the city to hold a conference with the representatives of the other powers, for the purpose of trying to induce the governor-general to surrender in the interest of humanity.

When night came on again the Spaniards renewed the fight, but at long range. They fired on the American works with their batteries at Malate, and it was briskly returned shell for shell. Two Americans were killed during the night, and five or six wounded. What the losses of the Spaniards were is not known.

During the second day both sides were quiet, but as soon as night came on the artillery firing was resumed.

and again the American artillery replied, with the effect of entirely silencing the Spanish batteries.

On the third day a Filipino was seen prowling about the picket line, as though trying to get into the camp. He was promptly arrested and brought in.

None of the soldiers who captured him could speak Spanish, and all the English that he could utter was three words :

"Me Yankee Doodle," and he kept on repeating it until he was brought to headquarters, where an interpreter who talked with him informed the general that he was a member of Yankee Doodle's regiment who had been sent by his comrades to find out what had become of their young commander.

Yankee Doodle was sent for, and he immediately recognized the Filipino as one of the captains of the first regiment he organized up at the captured fort on the bank of the Pasig river.

The Filipino seemed overjoyed at meeting him, and told him that the entire regiment was in a state of mutiny, and that Aguinaldo was in a towering rage, threatening to have them all shot. They had sent him to the American camp to find out if they would be permitted to join the Americanos, and fight under Yankee Doodle.

"How about the second regiment?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"It is the same with them, Senor Colonel," was the reply.

Yankee Doodle then told him of the battle that had been fought on the night of the typhoon, and the disastrous defeat of the Spaniards, and asked what had become of Aguinaldo.

"He is over on the other side of the river," said the Filipino.

"What is he doing?"

"I don't know, Senor Colonel, but he keeps up a constant firing all along the edge of the woods on that side."

Yankee Doodle reported to the general the news brought by the Filipino, who said that the man must return and let the Filipinos settle the troubles between Aguinaldo and themselves; that he would not receive any of his men into his ranks, but that he would be glad to have their co-operation when they were ready to give it honestly and sincerely; that he had no promises to make whatever, except to say that the Filipinos themselves would in no way be interfered with if they kept out of his way.

Yankee Doodle then turned to the Filipino, and explained to him that they would have to first get rid of Aguinaldo before he could again take command of them.

"He is my enemy," he stated, "and hence I could not serve under him, nor will the American general receive any of his soldiers without his consent, so you must return to the regiment and tell your officers and comrades just what I have said to you."

The native was permitted to leave the camp unmolested, and in a few minutes he disappeared in the depths of the great forest.

"Joe," said Yankee Doodle, as the two turned and slowly retraced their steps, "that fellow Aguinaldo has completely blocked our way to both fame and fortune."

"Not so bad as that, I hope," said Joe.

"Yes, it is; every bit of it," returned Yankee Doodle gloomily, "for had he pursued a sensible course, or fallen in battle, we would have been able to hold the Filipinos in hand, and win both fame and fortune at their head. They are easily controlled when treated right, and will stand a hot fire when properly led. General Merritt would not then have been under the necessity of waiting for reinforcements, for we could have co-operated with him in compelling the city to surrender. As it is, we are blocked entirely, and there is no end of trouble ahead with the whole tribe of Filipinos. If Aguinaldo sets up for himself after the fall of the city into our hands, we will have a deuce of a time in bringing him to terms, for thousands of his men are now well armed, and can hold the interior for an indefinite time against ten times their number. Our soldiers are not acclimated to this climate, and it will go as hard with them here as it did in Cuba with Shafter's army, and the Lord knows that was bad enough."

"Oh, well," remarked Joe, "there is no use crying over spilt milk, nor in meeting trouble half way."

"I am not doing either, old man; for as you well know it is not my custom. It is utterly useless, however, for me to shut my eyes and refuse to look at things that are right in front of me. I confess that I am blue, disgusted, and deeply regret I didn't let the sergeant finish him when he flung him out of the road the other day. That was the greatest mistake I ever made."

"Still," said Joe, "we don't know what the effect of his death would be, for there are other ambitious Filipinos besides Aguinaldo. It might have had the effect of arraigning the entire native population against us, which the Spaniards themselves would have quickly taken advantage of."

"I am not so sure of that," said Yankee Doodle, shaking his head, "for the four fights we won with the two regiments would be in their way. I don't think the Filipinos are such fools as to let any kind of argument lead them to support the Spanish cause again."

On their way back to camp they were joined by the sergeant, who told them that there was a rumor among the soldiers that Aguinaldo was preparing to assault the city on the north side with his entire force, claiming that the conduct of the Americanos made his promise to the admiral no longer binding upon him.

"How did you hear that?" Yankee Doodle asked very much surprised.

"Everybody has heard it; the soldiers are talking about it."

Before Yankee Doodle reached his tent the general's orderly met him, and told him he was wanted at headquarters immediately. He reported there at

once, and was told that the admiral had sent his gig to the landing with the request that he come aboard the flag-ship without delay.

He hurried down to the landing, entered the gig, and was rowed out to the flag-ship. As soon as he reached the deck he was conducted to the admiral's cabin, where he was closely questioned as to what he thought about the force that Aguinaldo could muster for an attack on the Spanish intrenchments.

"He can muster several thousand men, admiral," he replied, "but they'll be the worst licked crowd you ever saw when they make an assault on the Spanish lines, and when that is done Aguinaldo's power and influence will be shattered."

"He has been very successful thus far," remarked the admiral.

"So he has," was the reply, "but it was against little detachments and outposts who had no artillery, and had to surrender to forces that outnumbered them ten to one. They will find it very different when they strike those breastworks out there north of the city, for none but trained soldiers would have any show against them. Neither Aguinaldo nor any other Filipino know nothing about such fighting."

"You're quite sure of that, are you?" the admiral asked.

"I am positive of it, admiral, and not only that, but I believe that the repulse would so weaken Aguinaldo that he will have to retire to escape destruction, and will be glad enough to come to terms with you or General Merritt, and receive his orders from one or the other of you. Something of that kind must happen in order to teach him a lesson, for his head has swelled far beyond the limit of his capabilities."

The admiral smiled in his quiet way, and thanked him for the information he had given him, after which Yankee Doodle spent an hour or two conversing with the other officers of the ship, with whom he was well acquainted.

They laughed at him a good deal about his having left the name of Yankee Doodle among the natives, who would probably adopt it, and in the course of time make it like the Smith and Jones families in the United States.

"Well," said he, "that's more than some of the rest of you have done, but I don't know whether I ought to be proud of it or not. At any rate, the name will be remembered for a long time to come in these islands, no matter what the result of the war may be."

He returned ashore, and a few days later a messenger came to the general's headquarters from Aguinaldo. He had sent to explain that it was not true, as he had heard, that his men had withdrawn from the right wing of the line in front of Malate on account of any dissatisfaction on his part, but simply to allow the men to participate in the festivities of the religious feast day, in strict accordance with the customs of many years.

The general sent no reply in return, but simply dismissed the messenger and permitted him to return to the chief.

He was preparing to demand the surrender of the city, under penalty of assault on refusal, when a vessel from Hong Kong steamed into the harbor, the captain of which immediately came ashore and delivered dispatches to the general.

The dispatches informed him that an armistice had been declared, based upon Spain's acceptance of every demand made by President McKinley. The news electrified the army and fleet, and, as the president's proclamation stated, under the terms of the protocol agreed upon Manila was to be surrendered to the American general and occupied by his army.

Thus ended the war and Yankee Doodle's career with Aguinaldo, the great chief of the insurgent Filipinos, with it.

[THE END.]

Useful and Instructive Books.

HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition; together with specimen letters. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States, or we will send it to you by mail, postage free, upon receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, Publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or we will send it to you, postage free, upon receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated, by John Allen. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to your address, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks with illustrations. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or we will send it to you by mail, postage free, upon receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, Publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid by mail, upon receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, Publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

—::— This is Our Very Latest! —::—

YANKEE DOODLE.

Containing Stories of the Present War.

HANDSOMELY LITHOGRAPHED COLORED COVERS.

32 PAGES. EACH STORY COMPLETE.

—::— PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY. —::—

ISSUED EVERY TWO WEEKS.

BY GENERAL GEO. A. NELSON.

- 1 Yankee Doodle, the Drummer Boy; or, Young America to the Front.
- 2 Yankee Doodle in Havana; or, Leading Our Troops to Victory.
- 3 Yankee Doodle With Sampson's Fleet; or, Scouting for the Admiral.
- 4 Yankee Doodle With Schley; or, Searching for the Spanish Fleet.
- 5 Yankee Doodle With Gomez; or, Adventures in the Heart of Cuba.
- 6 Yankee Doodle in Porto Rico; or, Routing the Spanish at San Juan.
- 7 Yankee Doodle With the Rough Riders; or, Hot Work in Cuba.
- 8 Yankee Doodle at the Siege of Santiago; or, Scouting the Line for Shafter.
- 9 Yankee Doodle and His Dead-Shots; or, 100 Against 10,000.
- 10 Yankee Doodle With Aguinaldo; or, Young America at Manila.

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt of Price, 5 Cents Per Copy, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

29 West 26th St.,

New York.